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ART. I.—*Sancti Irenæi episcopi Lugdunensis quæ supersunt omnia, accedit apparatus continens ex iis, quæ ab aliis editoribus aut de Irenæo ipso aut de scriptis ejus sunt disputata, meliora, et iteratione haud indigna.* [The whole of the extant Works of St. Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons; with Apparatus containing such dissertations of previous editors concerning Irenæus himself or his writings, which appeared worthy of republication.] Edidit Adolphus Stieren, Th. et Ph. Dr., &c. Lipsiæ, MDCCCLIII. 2 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. Text. pp. xxxviii and 1066. Vol. II. Apparatus. pp. 1068.

THE Christian student who wanders on the banks of the Rhône, or who voyages down its rapid stream, may well recall scenes and events of deep interest in the early days of Christianity in Gaul. He may look back at the persecution of the Christian believers which took place at Lyons and Vienne, in the time of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius; when all the power of Imperial Rome, the learning of the schools, and the pride of stoical philosophy, sought, though in vain, to crush the faith. The cross of Christ was to the Greeks 'foolishness,' and yet in the conflict, how manifest was it that the power by which the suffering Christians were upheld was mightier than the sovereignty of Rome,—an internal living reality, not an assumed stoical indifference. The popular rage against the Christians was in this persecution fully seconded by the spirit of the magistrates. Pothinus, the venerable bishop, then aged ninety, was hurried before them.

By torture, and by illegal testimony obtained from slaves, they had collected a mass of evidence against the Christians, charging them not merely with their religious belief, but also with horrid crimes, of which even their accusers could scarcely have supposed them to be guilty. Such was the treatment Pothinus received from the savage multitude that two days afterwards he expired in the dungeon into which he was cast.

Many of the tortured denied their religion; but when the number of the accused, and the position of some as Roman citizens, rendered it necessary to report the case to Marcus Aurelius, and when his rescript ordered those who had thus denied to be set free, and those who held fast their profession to be beheaded, their enemies were confounded at finding that those who had fallen through weakness were now ready to lay down their lives for their Lord. Fire and sword did their work; and the fury of persecution did not stop until the ashes—the sole visible remains of these witnesses for Christ, were cast into the Rhône,—burial being prohibited, in the vain expectation of frustrating the Christian hope of RESURRECTION.

Such was the condition of affairs when Irenæus was appointed to succeed Pothinus as bishop at Lyons. To be a Christian then was to peril everything earthly for the sake of heavenly hopes; it involved the liability of suffering, the loss of ease, life, and liberty. If it involved so much to be a Christian, how much more was the peril of a pastor? He stood in peculiar danger; to occupy such a place at such a time required a large measure of Christian firmness and zeal and of personal faith. A knowledge of the times in which Irenæus commenced his episcopal functions at Lyons is of the highest importance in estimating his character.

Although he became a bishop in Gaul, Asia was the land from which this early Christian teacher had come. In that region, the last in which the Christians were benefited by living apostolic teaching, Irenæus had received his early Christian training. And in after years, when his abode was by the vine-covered banks of the Rhône, he reverted to his early days on the shores of the Ægean Sea, and to the teachers who had known the last surviving apostle. In addressing Florinus, known to him in his early days, who had become a teacher of false doctrines, he says—

‘Thou didst never receive these doctrines from the elders who preceded us, who themselves had associated with the apostles. For I saw thee, when I was yet a boy, in company with Polycarp in Asia Minor. . . . For I remember what took place then better than what happens now. What we have heard in childhood grows along with the soul, and becomes one with it, so that I can describe the place where the



blessed Polycarp sat and spoke, his going in and out, the manner of his life, and the aspect of his person; the discourses which he delivered to the congregation; how he told of his intercourse with John, and with the rest who had seen the Lord; how he reported their sayings, and what he had heard from them respecting the Lord, his miracles and his doctrines. All these things were told by Polycarp in accordance with Holy Scripture, as he had received them from the eye-witnesses of the doctrine of salvation. Through the grace of God, given to me even then, did I listen to these things with eagerness, and wrote them down, not on paper, but in my heart; and, by the grace of God, I constantly revive them again fresh before my memory. And I can witness before God, that if the blessed and apostolic presbyter had heard such things, he would have cried out, stopped his ears, and (according to his custom) have said, "O my good God! upon what times hast thou brought me, that I must endure this!" And he would have fled away from the place, where, seated or standing, he had heard such discourses!

How livingly does such a narration, told in Irenæus's own words, bring before us this scene of his early days, when he listened to what Polycarp told him of John, the beloved disciple, and of the others (such as Aristion, and John the presbyter), the still surviving disciples that had seen our Lord.

We have no means of knowing at what period of his life Irenæus went to Gaul, or by what motives he was drawn thither. The Christians there were intimately connected with those of Asia Minor; the letter from Vienne and Lyons to Smyrna, in which the persecution is detailed, is sufficient proof of this. Some have conjectured, not improbably, that Irenæus himself wrote this letter in behalf of the Gallic churches. No doubt his Christian character and spiritual qualifications were highly estimated by those amongst whom he sojourned; otherwise, he would not, at that time of especial suffering, have been chosen to succeed, as bishop of Lyons, the martyred Pothinus. Nor, indeed, had he not possessed zeal for Christ, and devotedness to his service, would he have accepted the office at such a time. To be a bishop (or presiding presbyter of a congregation) was then no place for one who sought the ease of official dignity or the enjoyment of learned leisure.

We can scarcely imagine a time in the history of the church when more serious thoughts would fill the mind of a bishop than must have been those of Irenæus, when called on in the year 177, to occupy the pastorate at Lyons. It seemed as if the sheep of Christ were delivered up to slaughter, while also the outward world bore traces of decay and mutability. In his native land, Smyrna, the scene of Polycarp's teaching and martyrdom, was during that very year destroyed by an earthquake; all that was seen

in the condition of the church, all that was known as to the course of the world, bore one testimony,—‘Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear.’

As bishop of Lyons, Irenæus had a great work to do. The church was thinned in numbers, and of those who survived, not a few were scattered: these had to be gathered, to be instructed, to be established in those eternal verities by which the Christian soul is healthfully nourished. There were other dangers besides persecution. ‘Science, falsely so called,’ had done its work in perverting Christian truth. Forms of philosophy, which retained but the semblance of their original vigour, had borrowed what they could from Christianity, and thus the vain endeavour was made to blend things in which there was no real compatibility. In these Gnostic systems there was, in those days, real danger; against them Irenæus had to warn, not as speculative notions, intelligible to few and ensnaring to none, but as systems by which the Cross of Christ was set aside, and which were really perilous to not a few within the church.

We seek in vain for any record of the years of Irenæus’s episcopacy—of his labours and the results: we can form our notions only from what we know of the times in which he acted; of himself we seem to get but slight and occasional glimpses. One of these glimpses is presented by the disputes about the right time of celebrating Easter, and the intolerant conduct of Victor, bishop of Rome, towards those who differed from his judgment.

From an early period in the profession of Christianity, the Resurrection of our Lord was a festival of especial praise and thanksgiving; and thus the *Lord’s Day*, which fell during the Paschal season, was regarded by some as the anniversary of rejoicing. But as the church, especially in the East, contained many Jews, they looked more naturally to the recurrence of their own passover, irrespective of the day of the week, as pointing out the feast of the Resurrection. The fact is that there was no church ordinance for this celebration, and it sprang out of individual feeling, and then common custom, that there should be this special anniversary, preceded by a season of fasting. But out of this custom sprang up a controversy between the Eastern and Western churches, the former of which adhered to the Jewish Paschal computation. About the year 190, the discussion of this question was carried on with such intemperate zeal by Victor, bishop of Rome, that he excommunicated the churches of Asia Minor for holding fast their own views. This caused Irenæus to write to Victor, in the name of the churches of Lyons and Vienne, to reprove him for his intolerant and outrageous conduct. He was able to do this with all the more

moral power from the fact that he perfectly agreed with Victor as to the point in dispute, only he considered that Christian unity was to be maintained in spite of such trivial differences. Such points he would leave to Christian liberty, and he would not merge unity of faith in a rigid uniformity of ritual. And thus he takes occasion to contrast the conduct of Victor with that of his predecessor Anicetus, who, when Polycarp visited Rome in 162, did not seek to impose his own form of observance on him. They discussed the question; neither was convinced; but they continued in full Christian unity in spite of this point.

Irenæus has been brought forward as a witness in favour of *apostolical succession*. No doubt he does mention the order in which the bishops of Rome had succeeded one another from the days of the apostles; but his whole conduct and testimony show how little he or those associated with him knew of the figment which supposes a certain deposit of teaching or power to be transmitted by succession. Had Victor walked in the steps of his predecessors, and received into brotherly fellowship those from other churches who agreed with him as to essential verities, his conduct would have been worthy of imitation and honour; but if (as was the actual case) he cast out his brethren, and claimed a right to excommunicate them on grounds not sanctioned by Scripture, and if he extended this excommunication even to communities, then no notion of succession, no imagined reverence for the episcopal office, no supposed primacy of the Roman see, was to interfere with his actings being condemned, and with stern rebuke being addressed to himself personally.

‘But (it may be said) at least Irenæus was a great upholder of episcopacy in the second century.’ To this we have to say, that the fact that in the second century there was a presiding presbyter in churches, to whom the name of ‘bishop’ was commonly restricted, is one which we have not now to discuss as to how far it was or was not in accordance to Scripture; but to this we must add, that Irenæus himself calls the Roman bishops *presbyters*; he applies this name expressly to Anicetus, Pius, and others, who had preceded Victor in the Roman episcopate. Thus he would not be a good witness for the imagined distinction of *order* between bishops and presbyters; the latter name, which he distinctly applies to Pius I., would seem not very dignified, if a modern were to use it in designating Pius IX. his supposed successor.

We have no distinct evidence how long Irenæus continued to preside in the church at Lyons. The year 202 has been given as that of his death, and probably it took place about that period. It has also been said that he suffered martyrdom, but this is wholly uncertain; there seems to be no evidence on the



point. Some have thought that it would derogate from the honour of Irenæus if we do not admit that he laid down his life for his Lord; but, in fact, where we have no evidence, it is utterly unprofitable to indulge in conjectures. The Lord so ordered that his servants and apostles, Peter and Paul, should glorify him in laying down their lives for his name; but he also ordered that John, 'the disciple whom Jesus loved,' should continue to extreme old age as a living witness. He is glorified in his servants taking the place which He himself assigns to them; and thus Irenæus's early instructor Polycarp died for the faith of his Lord, a martyr's death; Pothinus, his predecessor in the episcopate of Lyons, was equally honoured in enduring much for the profession of Christianity; and he was equally a martyr, although he died from the treatment which he endured, and not directly by the sword of persecution. And thus, whether Irenæus died like either of these, or whether he lived on like the beloved disciple, he was, in his profession of Christ in the midst of perils, equally a witness for Him,—equally one who counted not his life dear unto himself; and thus in estimating his character it is needless to indulge in speculations whether or not his life was taken by the opposers of the Gospel.

The principal work of Irenæus, which has been transmitted to us, is his 'Five Books against the Gnostic Heresy,' in its different ramifications. This work, still extant (with the exception of fragments) only in a Latin translation, is often quoted as 'Against Heresies,' though, in fact, it has but little in common with the writings which have appeared in later ages against heresies in general. The truth is, that in the second century, hardly any opinions bore the name of *heresies* distinctively, except those held by the Gnostic sects. The origin of that wild chaos of opinion, and the manner in which it was endeavoured to combine it with Christianity, is a singular subject, and one into which it would be impossible to enter at all fully while speaking of it incidentally. Suffice it here to say, that the introduction of Christianity, as a positive system of objective truth, gave a new impulse to the speculations of those men who did not receive into their hearts the message of salvation through the blood of a crucified Redeemer. Although the cross of Christ was foolishness to such, they used whatever portion of the newly revealed truths suited their own ideas; often (not always) embracing the ethical truths of the New Testament, but without any acknowledgment of the true dignity of the person of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Word who was in the beginning with God, and who was God—and who was made flesh. Just such has continually been the tendency of the human mind; men have often been willing to receive and make some use of *part* of



what God has revealed, while the real *object* of the revelation, and the basis on which every system of Christian ethics must rest, is rejected or left out of sight. This has again and again shown itself in bodies of men, or in individuals who do not acknowledge the proper Godhead of the Lord Jesus and his work of atonement, even while they profess to value highly his moral precepts. They are thus able to make *some* use of revelation for their own purposes, but with as little fitness as the Roman soldiers of Mummius used the Grecian works of art after the capture of Corinth.

Now while it is scarcely possible to state the Valentinian opinions, and those of other sects, in such a way as to interest a modern reader in the slightest degree, it was not so in the second century. Then, the Christians were surrounded by men who used Christian expressions, and borrowed much from the words of Scripture,\* forming the whole into a combination with some philosophical system which pleased the imagination, and really did possess attractions for those who saw on the one hand the stolid idolatry of the Roman world, and on the other the profession of Christianity, leading only to present trial, even though it promised future bliss. It is then small marvel if Gnosticism were a real danger to some of those who professed the Christian name; to such it might seem as though something were gained by adopting a form of speculative belief which *in word* acknowledged Christ; while, at the same time, it possessed pretensions to philosophic dignity and respectability; and, also, it did not lead to the persecutions which the church had to endure, and thus it was in many respects an easier path.

It may be said that the mental condition of men at large must have been very low for such ideas as those of the Valentinians to be received and held, or for it to be needful seriously to refute them. It may be so; but still we must not forget that in our day we have from time to time to contend even with such forms of error as Mormonism;—that a generation not yet past had to do with Joanna Southcote, and that we *still* see and hear of her followers. The second century may in many respects have been a time of much mental weakness, and this may partly explain the facility with which forms of error, very absurd in themselves, were received; and it may also aid us in comprehending those parts of the writings of opposers of error which are but weak and puerile.

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\* Much in the same way as the modern (so-called) 'spiritualists' have done. Many are deceived through the *ear* having accustomed phrases presented to it in new senses. This is a common device for mystifying minds and introducing error of every kind.

There can be very little doubt that Irenæus wrote in opposition to the Gnostic opinions, rather from necessity than from choice; the circumstances in which he was set led him to guard those Christians of his flock from the forms of error then afloat. His work has no small value as throwing light on the ecclesiastical history of the second century, and supplying evidence of the use then made of the New Testament books by the Christian congregations in general. When the simple fact is mentioned that Irenæus *certainly* uses all the writings of the apostles and evangelists which we possess, except, perhaps, the Epistles to the Hebrews, to Philemon, that of James, of Peter, of John, and Jude; and when he quotes them and argues upon them with the utmost familiarity, we shall at least see that his writings have value as evidence to the transmission of Holy Scripture, irrespectively of their immediate subjects or the writer's personal opinions. The value of this evidence is increased when we bear in mind the definite and known links of connexion which unite Irenæus with the apostolic age; and let it be observed that in the case before us it is not the tradition of a *fact* (real or supposed) or of an *opinion*, but it is the transmission of *books*, written documents, witnesses that possess a voice of their own, and whose testimony may sometimes be in little accordance with the opinions of those who hand them down. Irenæus, in his use of the New Testament, in his habitual quotations, and in his testimony to the authorship of most of the books which it contains, is a witness such as (in the case of profane authors) would be considered quite sufficient to disprove the negative theories of a destructive criticism.

It must not be supposed that the leading work of Irenæus is confined to the discussion of heretical opinions, for after he has stated the dogmas of the Gnostic sects, he goes on to define the belief which he and the Christians in general held. Thus, if an inquirer wishes to learn what was believed and taught in the latter part of the second century, this work of the bishop of the church of Lyons will do much to supply the needed information. Of course the statements of Irenæus do not possess *authority*,—they, in common with all other opinions, must be tried by the infallible rule of Holy Scripture,—but they supply evidence of facts, such facts as cannot be overlooked by those who wish to know what was the actual condition of the church at that time, be the results of that inquiry what they may.

It is easy, in examining the works of an ancient writer, to select the weak points, and to rest upon them, as if they gave a fair idea of his opinions and mental powers, and thus if (as some have done) we were only to point out the proofs of human infirmity found in Irenæus (such as his fanciful interpretations of

Scripture, and the supposed traditions which he narrates), we should present a very defective notion of the man or of his writings. A more comprehensive view must be taken, and then it will be seen that there was in him a reality, a thorough earnestness—a deep apprehension of the significance of the incarnation and sufferings of the Son of God on behalf of guilty man—which placed his Christianity not only in bright contrast to the idolatry of the nations, but also as almost equally opposed to those speculatists who founded the Gnostic sects or embraced their opinions. His Christianity enabled him to look on the church as something raised above and beyond the powers of the world which were then put forth in persecution; and thus he could endure and could encourage the patience of others as having to do with hopes which led him onward to the day of resurrection. We do not refer to the particular form in which his hopes were expressed, or to the detail of his opinions (as found in the concluding chapters of his fifth book), but simply to the general fact of what it was to which his hope tended, and what was its practical power, as found in his testimony.

Irenæus wrote his work against heresies in Greek, his vernacular tongue. It is probable that the Christian congregations in the south of Gaul were at that time in some measure acquainted with Greek; for, as there was a mercantile connexion of Southern Gaul with Asia Minor, and as Marseilles was a Greek colony, it is probable that many, who were not themselves of Greek origin, had acquired that language in addition to their native Gaulish, even when but little Latin had been received. No doubt that Irenæus would write in a tongue intelligible to those whom he wished to instruct. But this work was early translated into Latin. The version we now have appears to have been used by Tertullian; and to this version we are indebted for the preservation of these five books; for except passages and extracts made in early times, the original Greek has perished. The Latin version is bald and barbarous, and it has no doubt suffered from the unskilfulness of transcribers; it suffices, however, to show us what Irenæus taught. The largest fragment of the original Greek is a considerable portion of the first book, which Epiphanius introduced into his confutation of heresies. Other Greek fragments have been found scattered in the works of early writers, and such parts have been carefully collected, and placed by the different editors in connexion with the continuous Latin text. In this manner we are sometimes enabled to correct the Latin, though it would be a mistake to suppose that where the Greek fragments and the Latin version are not in precise accordance, it is of necessity the latter that is in fault.

We do not profess to give any analysis of this treatise against



heresies: it would be impossible to do this briefly; and the patristic student will draw from the source itself. He who can mentally place himself in the latter part of the second century, and who from that standing place regards the wild chaos of Gnostic speculation, may here learn what measure of Christian truth was used to oppose such dogmas, and how that truth was presented.

Of the other writings of Irenæus we have but the names and certain fragments; of these, some have been preserved by Eusebius, and the rest have been carefully collected from the different *Catena* and other citations in which they were scattered. The most interesting and valuable of these fragments is that (from which a citation has been given above) addressed to Florinus; such life-like statements and expressions do more to bring the writer before us as a man than many a long and laborious dissertation. The extract also which we have from the letter addressed to Victor, the harsh and intolerant Roman bishop, in which Irenæus mentions the intercourse that had taken place between Polycarp and Anicetus, is full of life and reality. It gives us a picture of such tolerance towards dissentients as the church at large has far too rarely manifested. Anicetus could not convince Polycarp that his views were correct; Polycarp failed in argument to overcome Anicetus, but this hindered not their showing what fellowship in service they could practically exhibit.

Four fragments, bearing the name of Irenæus, have occasioned no small discussion as to their genuineness. These fragments altogether would not make *two pages* in the edition before us, while the arguments for and against their genuineness occupy *one hundred and forty-eight pages* in the accompanying Apparatus. They were found by Pfaff, in the former part of the last century, in a MS. *Catena* at Turin. On their publication their genuineness was fiercely attacked, especially because of expressions which are greatly opposed to the Romish doctrine, that the mass is 'a propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of the living and the dead.' A patient examination of the whole question leads to a full conviction that these fragments are genuine. Indeed, if they were not so, it would be difficult to account for the appearance of such sentiments in a later age as those of Irenæus; for notions of Jewish priesthood and sacrifice had then taken root in the church, and such expressions as those of this fragment would consequently be avoided. The upholder of the Romish system may find difficulty in reconciling the expressions of Irenæus with the dogmas of Trent, and he may think that the knot is easily cut by bringing in the charge of forgery. We might, however, suggest that if inconsistency with Romish opinions and practices



be a ground of doubting the genuineness of ancient doctrinal treatises, then certain histories and letters written by apostles and evangelists—which we commonly call the New Testament—may with some show of reason be rejected; indeed, it may be answered that Rome has tried to do this by endeavouring, at least, to keep the New Testament out of sight, as though it were dangerously discrepant from their own system.

The following is a translation of the second of the Pfaffian fragments of Irenæus, out of which so much discussion has sprung:—

‘Those who are fully acquainted with the last injunctions of the apostles, know that the Lord established in the New Testament a new sacrifice, according to the passage of the prophet Malachi:—Wherefore, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, shall my name be glorified amongst the Gentiles, and in every place shall incense be offered to my name, and a pure offering; even as also John says in the Apocalypse,—the incense is the prayers of the saints; and Paul expects us to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, well-pleasing to God, which is our reasonable service. And again,—let us offer the sacrifice of praise, that is the fruit of our lips. These sacrifices are not according to the law, the handwriting of which the Lord blotted out and took out of the way, but according to the spirit; for it behoves that we should worship God in spirit and in truth. Wherefore, also, the offering of the Eucharist is not fleshly but spiritual, and in that respect pure. For we offer to God bread and the cup of blessing, giving thanks to him; because he commanded the earth to produce these fruits for our food, and thus having finished the offering, we call on the Holy Ghost that he may show forth this sacrifice, and the bread as the body of Christ, and the cup as the blood of Christ; that those who partake of those symbols may receive remission of sins and eternal life. Those, therefore, who bring these sacrifices in remembrance of the Lord, do not follow the ordinances of the Jews, but ministering spiritually shall be called the children of wisdom.’

Our object is not to discuss all the shades of opinion marked out in this fragment, but simply to show the sensitiveness of those who have objected to the manner in which Irenæus excludes the notion that propitiatory sacrifice is in any way repeated. Pfaff has himself illustrated the fragment by a series of long and elaborate notes.

We may now advert more particularly to the edition of Irenæus before us. The first volume contains the text of the writings of this father, whether entire or fragmentary, which have come down to us. The second, of about the same size, is devoted to the *Apparatus*. Of the contents of this we shall speak afterwards. Dr. Stieren, in his ‘Prolegomena,’ treats of the MSS. in which the work of Irenæus against heresies is contained. Some of those used by the early editors, such as Erasmus, are now

utterly unknown; others have been carefully traced out to the places in which they are preserved; such, for instance, as the MS. formerly in the library of the Jesuit *Collège de Clermont* at Paris. On the expulsion of this body from France, this MS. passed (in 1764 or 65) into the hands of Meerman; and on his death, in 1824, it was transferred to England, and it now adorns the library of Sir Thomas Phillips of Middlehill. It appears to be of the tenth or eleventh century: Massuet was of opinion that it belonged to the former. Dr. Stieren speaks especially of the *Codex Vossianus* or *Burellianus*, now preserved in the library of the University of Leyden. This MS. belongs to the end of the fifteenth century, but its importance is not to be measured by its age, for it not only presents good readings, such as ought not to be overlooked by an editor, but it is the only known MS. which contains the last five chapters of the last book. We say the only *known* MS., because that from which this portion first appeared in the edition of Feuardent has not been identified in any library; and thus the only MS. copy of the conclusion of the work of Irenæus which could be produced is this *Codex Burellianus*. Some have thought that this MS. was that which Feuardent used: the arguments on both sides are stated by Stieren, and the probable conclusion is, that this *Codex Burellianus* was, in part at least, a transcript of the older copy which Feuardent had before him. The *Codex Burellianus* was sent from Leyden to Jena, where Stieren then resided; and thus he was allowed the use of it for six months. He was in this way enabled to collate it with more care and accuracy than had been done by previous editors. He gives a facsimile of this MS., which, from our own knowledge, we can state to be carefully and accurately executed.

As introductory to his own labours as editor, Dr. Stieren gives a brief account of what *had* been previously done. This account is, in our judgment, too brief, since it requires us to look elsewhere for information which we might expect to have found in this place. For instance, in speaking of the edition of Feuardent, we might have supposed that we should hear of the chapters first added by this editor from MS. authority; whereas it is only amongst the notes, and in a casual remark in another part of the 'Prolegomena,' that we find this stated.

The first printed edition of Irenæus was that of Erasmus, which appeared at Basle in 1526. In his prefatory epistle, addressed to the Bishop of Trent, Erasmus gives some account of the work which he was first bringing before the world in print. In this he expresses his doubts as to whether Irenæus wrote originally in Greek or in Latin; and he himself inclines in favour of the latter. This erroneous supposition (for it was not an

assertion) seems only amusing now that the whole question has been investigated. In this opinion Erasmus has not obtained a long train of followers, as he has in that which he first advanced as to St. Matthew's Gospel having been originally written in Greek, and not in Hebrew. The editions of Gallasius, Grynæus, and Feuardent, are then briefly described (the second of these being a piece of *retrograde* editorship); after which an account is given of the carefully executed editions of Grabe and Massuet (1702 and 1712).

The fourth chapter of Dr. Stieren's 'Prolegomena' is devoted to an account of the plan of his own edition. That part of Irenæus's first book against heresies which Epiphanius has transmitted in Greek, has been collated with a MS. at Breslaw, from which various readings have been extracted, and the text amended in some places. The Codex Burellianus has furnished means of improving the Latin text throughout. Pains have been taken to make the collection of various readings as complete and as correct as possible, and also to compare the Greek text as preserved by Epiphanius with the Latin, which appears to be made from a far older copy than that which was before the eyes of the Cyprian bishop. Notes of others in the way of correction of faulty passages have been collected from sources previously inedited. Some fragments which had not been introduced into any former edition of Irenæus are also given. As an appendix, the fragments of the different Gnostic writers, whose opinions are referred to by Irenæus, have been collected together. This important collection might have been considerably increased if the learned editor had received in time the 'Philosophumena,' published in 1851, as a work of Origen, but which has been claimed, and rightly, by Chevalier Bunsen, as a work of Hippolytus. For the light which this volume throws on the writings of early heretics, we must, therefore, refer to Bunsen's 'Hippolytus,' reviewed in the April number of this Journal of last year, as also for an account of those parts of Irenæus which are illustrated (and sometimes restored) out of the newly published work.

Dr. Stieren's second volume contains the dissertations and prefaces of early editors, and a selection of those notes which he considered to be worthy of preservation. Some of these dissertations are very prolix, and they appear to have been in part reprinted, lest it should seem that anything needful to make the edition complete had been left out. The editor has performed his task with care and diligence.\* We believe that this edition

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\* Errata have met our eye here and there, in using this new edition. The most frequent is the confusion of the vowels *a* and *u* in the ultimate syllable of Latin words. But after having habitually used this edition for many months, we can speak well of its *general* accuracy.



will, on account both of its form and its *price*, be welcomed by many a student. Two goodly octavo volumes are more convenient for use than one large folio; and we quite expect that one consequence of the appearance of this edition will be that Irenæus will be far more read and understood. The editor has given in the margin the numbering of the pages of the editions of Grabe and Massuet, so that all the common references to Irenæus may be verified by the use of this edition.

To judge of the opinions of this early Christian teacher, recourse must be had to his own writings; but little dependence is to be placed on the manner in which Romish editors in their dissertations attempt to show that early fathers were Tridentine Papists. A somewhat better spirit, both as to facts and criticism, is found in some of the Benedictine editors; for they were better acquainted with the authors whom they edited; and they were not so entirely one-sided in their apprehensions. Still, we must avoid looking at the second century in the light of the eighteenth or nineteenth, and judging of the objects brought before us, and the tones of thought expressed from *our* conventional opinions and modes of speech. While we let Irenæus speak for himself, we must remember who and what he was, and the honoured place in which he and his associates were allowed to stand, as martyrs and confessors for Christ's sake. We can rightly value such men and their service, even though we judge every thought and opinion by the light of God's Holy Word.

Some have supposed that patristic studies are necessarily connected with Romish tendencies, and have in consequence decried them. Now, while it is owned that the fathers often show how early those corruptions were introduced into the church which Rome has adopted, we may most confidently deny that the system of Romanism finds evidence in the writers of the earlier centuries. We may safely draw all our knowledge of spiritual truth from the Word of God; but we mistake greatly if we so value our *protestantism* as to make us overlook the storehouse of *facts* found in the early fathers: for these facts have no small value, as showing what Christianity there was in profession and practice as a living reality. Those who wish to maintain protestant and evangelic truth, have often neglected, or even condemned the fathers; and thus they have unwittingly surrendered them to the ecclesiastical and antichristian system, which they by no means uphold.



- ART. II.—*The Ottoman Empire and its Resources.* By Edward H. Michelson. London: Spooner. 1854.
2. *Journal of a Residence in the Danubian Principalities, in the Autumn of 1853.* By Patrick O'Brien. London: Bentley.
  3. *Trans-Caucasia; Sketches of the Nations and Races, between the Black Sea and the Caspian.* By Baron von Haxthausen.
  4. *Turkey, Russia, the Black Sea, and Circassia.* By Capt. Spencer. London: Routledge & Co. 1854.
  5. *Constantinople of To-day.* By Théophile Gautier. London: David Bogue. 1854.
  6. *The Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon.* By Habeeb Risk Allah Effendi. London: Madden. 1853.
  7. *A Military Tour in European Turkey, the Crimea, and on the Eastern Shores of the Black Sea; including Routes across the Balkan into Bulgaria, and Excursions in the Turkish, Russian, and Persian Provinces of the Caucasian Range.* With Strategical Observations on the Probable Scenes of the Allied Expeditionary Force. By Major-General A. F. Macintosh, K.H., F.R.G.S., F.G.S. With Maps. Two vols. 12mo. London: Longman & Co.

THE momentous political and social events connected with the South-eastern regions of Europe, which have so long been throwing their shadows more and more distinctly before them, and which are now actually transpiring, have occasioned a large demand for information respecting these countries. To supply this, a number of works have appeared in rapid succession,—of which, those prefixed to this article are a portion. They are peculiarly valuable at this time, not only by reason of the concentration of public interest on the scenes they describe, but from the remarkable degree of ignorance heretofore existing respecting them. This applies in no small degree to Turkey; while, as to Russia, the author of a work, recently noticed, justly remarks in his preface, 'There is no country in Europe about which so little has been written, and about which consequently so little is known, as that vast empire of Russia, which absorbs in itself half the continent, and which, from its extent and position, would seem to demand a principal share of the attention of those nations whose destinies it may one day control.' Of the volumes before us, that of Captain Spencer's affords most of the particular kind of information which British society now requires, and possesses also the greatest permanent value. He is already favourably known by his travels in Italy and the East. The volume before us, however, while it is distinguished by an equal amount of nice observation

and judicious selection with that evinced by its predecessors, is marked by greater vigor of style and excursiveness of thought; and the reader who masters its contents will have no slight acquaintance with the condition and prospects of those districts surrounding the Black Sea, to which public attention is now so powerfully attracted. Captain Spencer's first chapters are devoted to a luminous sketch of the history and condition of Hungary, through which country he passed before entering Moldo-Wallachia, and which he had visited prior to the war of 1848-9. Great advantage was gained to Hungary by Count Szechenzi, in the substitution of the vernacular language of the Magyars for the German and Latin languages, which had previously been enforced by Austria in everything connected with the administration of public affairs. This of itself was evidently a most important step towards the re-establishment of Hungarian nationality, as Austria had long reckoned on the compulsory suppression of the Hungarian language as a powerful means of producing fusion of the population of the two countries. The effect of this measure was aided by the rapid advance of the Hungarians in civilization, and in the establishment of free and tolerant institutions, springing from that love of liberty and self-government in which they so closely resemble the Anglo-Saxons of the West. It seems scarcely to admit of a doubt, that in any future insurrection in Hungary against the despotism of Austria, not only Wallachia and Croatia will sympathize, but Serbia will take an active part, animated by a kindred desire to free herself from the thralldom of a German ruler. The political and social condition of Serbia therefore becomes a matter of interest, and is thus briefly described by Captain Spencer:—

‘As an example, how easily this people are trained into the habits of a civilized community, the traveller in Serbia may journey from frontier to frontier without meeting the slightest molestation, and if he should solicit their hospitality, he may depend upon meeting, in the poorest hut, with a kind reception; and however primitive may be their habits, however defective their knowledge of the great European world, they can appreciate and practise those important social virtues—truth and honesty. He will also find schools established in the towns and villages, lyceums and gymnasiums in the capital, provided with talented and well qualified professors.—p. 65.

Relying on his intimate knowledge of these countries, Captain Spencer ventures on some predictions, which in so far as they are reliable, invest Serbia with considerable prospective importance. He thus casts the horoscope of Turkey and Serbia:—

‘Taken altogether, and we speak from a perfect knowledge of the country and the feeling of the inhabitants, we cannot divest our minds of the impression that the rule of the Turks in Europe is drawing to a

close ; for we do not see how they can maintain themselves, surrounded as they are by enemies at home and abroad, seeking their total overthrow. Still it is some consolation to think, that in the Servian nationality we have all the elements necessary, if properly managed by the allied powers, for forming a barrier against any future aggression of Russia in this part of Europe. A people, whose tendencies are all republican, who admit of no aristocracy, no hereditary titles, and with whom all men are equal, would not be likely, voluntarily, to become serfs of Russia.'—p. 75.

Of the moderate policy pursued by Turkey towards the important nationality of Servia, he speaks with great distinctness. In addition to Belgrade, the Turks are in possession of six other fortresses in Servia, which establish in fact their complete military possession of that province. Notwithstanding these advantages, however, the Servians are left in full enjoyment of their liberties, and as uncontrolled in the administration of their country, as if these facts did not exist.

Recent events, and those indeed which are now occurring, attach peculiar interest to Silistria, which the Russians assailed with great vigor, but from which they have been compelled to retire with immense loss. Indeed, had the allied armies attacked them in the rear, there can be little doubt that they would have been completely destroyed. Of this important station the author says—

'We now arrived at Silistria, which may be termed from the great extent and strength of its fortifications the citadel of the Danube, forming as it does with Rustchuck and Schoumla a connected triangle, which must be broken before any enemy could attempt the passage of the Balkan in this direction with safety. Silistria was taken in 1829 by the Russians after a protracted siege of nine months ; and truly we cannot too highly appreciate the valour of the 12,000 gallant Turks that held it so long against an overwhelming force of 50,000 men, when we remember that at this time the fortifications merely consisted of long weak curtains, with a few miserable bastions badly planned, and worse built. We saw it in this state when we journeyed down the Danube for the first time in 1835. Since then the town has been strongly fortified, and now with its castle bristling with cannon, it offers a bold front against an invading army. It has spacious well-built barracks, and a population of about 20,000, and appears altogether to be one of the most prosperous and commercial places on the Danube. . . . If this fortified town were to fall, together with the fortified camp at Kalafat, Servia and the whole of the western part of European Turkey would then be at the mercy of the Russians, because it is to be feared, with a Russian army ready to assist them, the whole of the Servian nationality would fly to arms when they might make common cause with their warlike brethren, the free mountaineers of Montenegro, whose territory is only separated from the Servian frontier by a small strip of land, by way of Prejropolje, about thirty-five English miles in



length. This would be in every point of view most disastrous to the Turks.'—pp. 85-91.

The remarks of the author on this important fortress indicate not only an accurate acquaintance with the country, but no small acquaintance with military science. The occurrences of the last few weeks throw great light on the soundness of his views. He considers that the great danger to Turkey lies in the Russians getting possession of Widdin and Kalafat, as all the other fortresses in Servia held by the Turks would avail nothing to prevent the march of an invading army. The author is of opinion, that if Russia were a great maritime nation with a civilized people, in full possession of their rights and liberties, it would be matter of rejoicing to see such a power take the place of 'the indolent Turk, who, during his long rule, has taught nothing, established nothing.' As however the reverse of this is the case, he wisely deprecates this accession of Russian power, which would give to that empire the keys of Europe and Asia, the Black Sea, the Caspian, the Baltic, and the Danube, with the Adriatic on one side, and the Ægean, the Dardanelles, and even the Mediterranean on the other, as the greatest catastrophe which could befall the civilized world. Returning to Moldavia and Wallachia we get the following statistics:—'At present this nationality numbers, according to their own computation, no, far short of 10,000,000; Moldo-Wallachia it is said contains 4,000,000, the adjoining countries belonging to Austria, Hungary, Transylvania, and the Bukowina, 3,000,000, while the remaining 3,000,000 are scattered in Russo-Bessarabia, and in the provinces belonging to Turkey on the other side of the Danube.'

After describing the felicitous prospect held out by Russia to these principalities under Peter the Great, by which Brailow in Wallachia, and Galatz in Moldavia were occupied as the most favourable positions by Russia, with hopes of constitutional and commercial freedom inspired into the population, the Russian troops crossed the Pruth in 1828 for the invasion of Turkey, and thus taught the inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia what was the true meaning of Russian protection. It would be impossible to narrate in detail the miseries occasioned by this military occupation. The broadest proof, however, of the prosperity or sufferings of a people is derived from the increase or decrease of its population, and on this subject we quote the words of Captain Spencer:—

'Can we wonder that these principalities, notwithstanding the advantages they possess of soil, climate, and situation, together with the noble Danube, navigable for all the purposes of commerce, should be at the present moment still lying for the most part in a state of



nature, owing to the want of inhabitants to till the soil, or that the population should have been reduced within the last century by war, pestilence, and famine, to nearly one-half of its original amount; and that a people who were then the terror of the Turks, and could bring into the field 200,000 men-at-arms, should in our day become the veriest slaves of slaves, with scarcely a remnant of the courage, the patriotism, and the love of liberty that distinguished their noble ancestors.'—p. 105.

While speaking of the Danube, and of the immense account to which its resources might be turned for the commercial interests of Europe, it is impossible not to notice the wasteful inutility to which it is condemned by the depraved policy of the Russian protector. The Sulina channel is the only navigable outlet of the Baltic. Sulina belongs to Russia, and is composed of a few one-storied wooden houses built upon piles, in the midst of pools of putrid water, which oozes from the neighbouring marshes; it would seem to be the very metropolis of fever. To avoid these, the traveller to Constantinople should stop at the little port of Tchernawoder, and continue his journey by land to Kistendjeh, on the Black Sea. It is said that the Emperor Trajan contemplated the construction of a canal from Tchernawoder to the Black Sea, which, if completed, would shorten the navigation of the Danube from this point to Constantinople by nearly a hundred leagues, while the length of the canal would not exceed thirty miles, and the expense of constructing it would be comparatively small, owing to the level character of the district, and the interposition midway of a lake sufficiently deep to facilitate the undertaking very materially.

The disadvantage thus occasioned to commerce with the western countries of Europe is most serious, and solely traceable to the selfish and ignorant policy of Russia, which seeks to ruin the commerce both of Austria and Turkey on the Lower Danube by necessitating the transport of all the produce of the banks of that noble river through the Sulina channel, though, owing to the accumulation of sand at the bar, it cannot be passed by any vessel of more than a hundred tons burden.

It should be remembered that according to the treaty of Vienna the great rivers of Europe are to be open to ships of all nations, and it is on the faith of this treaty that Austria consented that each of her vessels which passed the mouth of the Danube should pay to Russia a toll of two dollars, in consideration of the expense the latter power was supposed to incur in keeping the passage open, whereas, Mr. O'Brien, in his '*Journal of a Residence in the Danubian Principalities*,' declares that he had counted two hundred vessels at anchor in the Danube, some of which have lain there for three months, unable to get over the

bar. Let the free-trader recollect that this was at a time when wheat was selling in London at a hundred shillings per quarter, and then ponder on the following passage referring to the town of Ibraila.

‘Close to the river side is a long line of shops and stores. The stores were all filled with grain, and there were great mounds of corn lying in the open street for want of store room. In this part of the town I met at every turn with men clearing wheat or piling it up in heaps in the open air, or carrying it down to small vessels lying in the river. The place was literally running over with corn. It was lamentable to think that a great portion of it must perish for want of the means of transporting it to other markets.’—p. 17.

‘There is no country more deeply interested in rendering the Danube navigable at its mouth than England, and it is England alone that has shown a sincere and constant desire to effect that object. In 1851, the exports from Ibraila by sea amounted to £778,157, and its imports up the Danube to £331,078. The exports from Galatz by sea in the same year amounted to £496,368, and the imports up the Danube to £374,233, making in all a sum for imports and exports of £1,982,836. British subjects and British ships have the principal share in this trade; it is therefore the duty of her Majesty’s government to exert its influence to remove as far as possible all obstructions to the free navigation of the entrance of the Danube.’—p. 12.

From the economical condition of these countries we now advert to their social and spiritual position. The priests of the Greek church appear to be deplorably ignorant, and it requires all our charity to induce the belief that they are not designedly practising upon the still profounder ignorance of the population. A few words of Captain Spencer place this in a very striking light. He broadly states that their education is far inferior to that of the clergy of any other sect of the Christian church; that no other form of worship is burdened by so many degrading superstitions, and that no mode of faith tends more to debase the intellect, and to degrade man for ever to the condition of a willing slave. Standing as we do in the immediate presence of Romanism, with all its leavening virulence, and of a quasi-protestantism, which is rapidly sickening under the infection, we deeply feel the force of these representations, and cheerfully listen to the warning voice which tells us of the depths of social degradation to which a misled population are inevitably conducted by the combined influence of subtle priestcraft and ceremonial observance. It is the specific poison that paralyses civilization. It acts immediately on the vital functions of society, and under its torpifying influence the motor nerves of the social body are benumbed, or to use the grotesque language of Mr. Carlyle, ‘The march of intellect is distinctly of the spavined kind;—what jockeys call, all action and no go.’

Such is the effect of priestcraft and superstition in a social condition like our own, which contains within it the repulsive force and the self-curative influence of civilization, and the ambient atmosphere of spiritual religion. Its effect in the Danubian provinces shall be told by Captain Spencer.

‘Among the hosts of saints and angels to be propitiated, the Almighty seems to be entirely forgotten. Absolution, and a payment of a fee to the priest, relieve the conscience of a man from the weight of any crime, however heinous. Miracles are believed to be performed by the images of saints. Holy water is used as an antidote against the evil eye, witchcraft, the plague, and every disease to which man is subject. It also preserves the cattle in the field from thunder and lightning, the trees from blight, a house from taking fire, a ship from being lost at sea, &c. Still, perhaps, of all the influences which corrupt the public morals, none exercise a more pernicious effect, particularly among the higher classes, than the facility with which this church gives its sanction to the dissolution of the marriage tie.’—p. 111.

This leads us immediately to the causes, perhaps we should say the ostensible causes, of the present war between Russia and the Western powers. It is based, though only nominally, on religious grounds. Russia claims the protectorate of the so-called Christian population of the Turkish empire. This claim involves the interference of a despotic and unscrupulous power with a large proportion of the subjects of Turkey. Enough is known of the all-pervading system of Russian *espionage* and bribery to make it manifest to every one that a concession of the claim would lay the Turkish empire helpless at the feet of Russia. It is, in a word, to frustrate this design that the united armies and navies of France and England are for the first time for centuries combined in what we think has been properly designated a just and necessary war. The cursory inspection of a map which indicates the political relations of the nations engaged, will show the necessity of this forfeiture of the social blessings and the commercial economy of peace. The all-important question that remains respects the conditions on which this war should be terminated. There appears to us to be but one which will meet the case, and historically justify either the commencement or the termination of the war. This is the establishment of a condition of perfect equality and legislative protection among the various religious tribes (for that, after all, is the only proper designation) under the dominion of Turkey. We use the term *equality* advisedly. Toleration would not do; the admitted power to tolerate involves the power to refuse toleration, abroad and at home. Religious equality and religious liberty are synonymous. Two conditions then are absolutely necessary to a just and conclusive peace. The first is the perfect political and



religious equality of the Mohammedan and Christian populations of the Turkish empire; and the second is the fettering of the territorial ambition of Russia, not only by stringent treaties, to which the great powers of Europe should be bound, but also by the alienation of the Crimea, which, by the powerful fortress of Sebastopol, suspends the might of Russia like an avalanche over the independence of the Turkish empire. The material benefits accruing from such an arrangement are thus noticed by Captain Spencer:—

‘Western Europe, with its superabundant population of active, intelligent men, requires an outlet in her own hemisphere; and why should she seek to people a new world, when a railway carriage or a steamboat will convey her children, after a pleasant journey of a few days or weeks, to some of the most fertile, beautiful, and salubrious countries in the world? If this project were carried into execution, and the settlers assured of safety, protection, and freedom, in a very few years we should people the Turkish wilderness with a population of intelligent agriculturists, enterprising merchants, and active traders; men of the world, who would add by their industry, not only to the resources of the Turkish empire, but by their example infuse a portion of their own life and vigour into the few remaining inhabitants. We should then hear no more of a Slavo Tartar protectorate.—p. 121.

Evidence of the truth of these reflections abounds in the volumes before us, and that not only with reference to this principality but to all the provinces of European Turkey. Yet how far these countries are from being prepared to be the seat of a civilization like that of Western Europe may be gleaned from the descriptions of their mode of travelling, the accommodations of their inns, and from the occurrence of such events as that narrated by Captain Spencer (pp. 140-143)—a nocturnal engagement with a troop of infuriated wolves near Jassy.

It is unnecessary to describe Constantinople and its environs. Innumerable descriptions have brought most readers acquainted with the unrivalled beauty and grandeur of its situation and of the scenery which surrounds it. In examining the latest notices of its population, it is pleasing to observe the decrease of fanaticism among the Turks, and the corresponding increase of the influence exercised over them by the Christians. The most obvious method of strengthening this influence, and thus opening a prospect of the ultimate Christianization of Turkey, is the establishment of a perfect political equality between the various religionists who form the motley population of this empire, and this result it is not perhaps too sanguine to anticipate will issue from the war of which Turkey is now the theatre.

The events which are fast approaching attach unusual interest to the notices that we find of the fortress of Sebastopol. Not longer than sixty years ago Sebastopol was a miserable Tartar

village; but, about that time, a Frenchman, who was travelling in the Crimea, was struck with the natural advantages of a position, which he at once saw might be made, if properly fortified, one of the first naval stations in the world. His observations to this effect, on his return to St. Petersburg, reached the ears of the Empress Catharine, who dispatched engineers to visit the spot, and, their report corroborating that of the Frenchman, fortifications were commenced, which have been gradually increased almost ever since, until it has become capable of bidding defiance to any but the most powerful armaments. Its main advantages may be thus described. The principal harbour, called the Roads, stretching inland to a length of more than four miles, is so capacious, and the anchorage so good, that the fleets of nations might ride in it safe from every wind, and such is the great depth of water that a man-of-war of the largest size can lie within a cable's length of the shore. Besides this there are five other small bays, branching off in various directions, equally commodious, and, singular enough, the great harbour, together with the small bays, are all lined by a continuation of capes, strong and easily defended, as if formed by nature expressly for a naval station.

On the other hand, it has been contended by military engineers that it labours under the following capital disadvantages. That the four large forts which protect the entrances, consisting as they do of three tiers of batteries, and mounting in all twelve hundred guns, might still be disabled by a hostile fleet, in consequence of their height above the level of the sea, owing to which they threaten chiefly the rigging of attacking vessels. Next, that the rooms in which the guns are worked are so small and ill ventilated that after a few discharges they would become almost intolerable to the artillerymen. Again, that the batteries being constructed of soft lime stone, might soon be shaken to pieces by the heavy metal projected from our modern ships of war. The last, and as we should imagine, the weakest point of this celebrated fortress, is its undefended position from the land side. There has never yet been opportunity of testing these criticisms by actual experiment, but in all probability a very short time will elapse before all these problems will have received a decisive solution. One point at least seems generally agreed on, namely, that the most just and effective mode of destroying the aggressive resources of Russia, as against the Turks, is the capture of Sebastopol, and the alienation of the Crimea from the usurping power.

The descriptions before us of Circassia invest it with a perfectly romantic charm, both as respects its local advantages, the splendor of its scenery, and the character and manners of its inhabitants. 'The splendid oak trees only,' says Captain Spencer, 'that covered the sides of the hills, and crested the

highest summits of the mountains, were in such abundance as to lead us to believe that Europe would find a sufficient supply of the finest wood for ship-building in those nearly unknown countries on the Black Sea, without seeking it in another hemisphere.'

Much of the pleasing and hopeful descriptions, both physical and moral, which are given of Circassia, apply also to the wilder region of the Caucasus. To the achievement of the conquest of both these important regions Russia has devoted many years of unsparing but unavailing effort. It will scarcely be believed that the hostilities conducted against the inhabitants of the Caucasus alone cost the Russian empire an annual loss of thirty thousand lives! Of these countries we may say, as of the Crimea, that the declaration of their independence, coupled with an honourable alliance with the Western powers and Turkey, would almost confine the operation of the unprincipled barbarity of the Czar to the unfortunate subjects of his own immediate dominions. It would interpose an impassable barrier between Russia and the East; thus not only protecting Persia and the other intervening countries, but constituting the strongest safeguard to the immense dependencies of Great Britain, which, with their teeming millions, stretch beyond them. And better still; the cultivation of friendly relationships based on hospitable intercourse, and a reciprocity of material interests with the inhabitants of these countries, would open a new field, verdant with promise and enriched with the choicest gifts of nature, to the commercial, scientific, and evangelistic enterprise of our country. In a region in many respects resembling that selected by Divine wisdom for the use of that religion which must regenerate the world, is it too much to suppose that we may hereafter see a focus from which the English language, literature, commerce, civilization, and religion, shall permanently radiate through the promising twilight of the East, and that the elegant motto of the Asiatic Society, *Ex oriente lux*, shall brighten from a conceit into a prophesy, pregnant with the glorious destiny of millions yet unborn.

Major-General Macintosh's volumes did not reach us until after the foregoing was written, and we hasten to introduce them to our readers. They are drawn up from memoranda made on the spot, chiefly in reference to military operations. Their interest, therefore, is, to a large extent, professional. They make no pretensions to the ordinary qualities of a work of travel, yet they are far from being deficient in interesting sketches of the countries described. Their object is to inform rather than to please. A considerable portion is devoted to strategical observations, some of which may be wanting in general interest, though an intelligent civilian will rarely fail to comprehend their drift, or



to admit the soundness of the author's conclusions. Being in the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles, in 1836, Major-General Macintosh tells us, that he 'was struck by the unprotected condition of the vast batteries on the European side towards the land.' A recent visit served to confirm his first impression, and the military commission subsequently appointed to report on the fortifications in question, has fully confirmed the general accuracy of his views. The existing fortifications were evidently designed to meet a maritime rather than a land assault, and are consequently unsuited to the exigency which has arisen. The Black Sea being commanded by a friendly fleet, the danger now threatened is the approach of a land force, and against this no adequate defence is provided. It is singularly characteristic of the inertness and want of forethought distinguishing the Ottoman government, that the Russian war of 1828-9 did not arouse it to a sense of the danger which threatened from St. Petersburg. This state of things engaged the serious attention of our author, whose communications to the British authorities speedily led to the adoption of measures which have been the occasion of much misapprehension. 'Early in the present year,' he tells us, 'a commission under a distinguished officer of high rank and of profound scientific knowledge was despatched to Constantinople, where, after communicating with a similar assemblage of French officers, already arrived there, I had the gratification of learning that operations had been commenced by their repairing direct to Gallipoli, and selecting a line of defence in the very locality which I had so recently indicated; thus having the correctness of my views confirmed by the very highest authority.'

It has been matter of complaint that the allied forces should be employed for an extended period in the construction of fortifications which mainly concerned the defence of Constantinople; but few readers of the present work will fail to admit the necessity which existed for such preliminary labors. So long as the advance of the Russians was uncertain, it was evidently advisable to adopt such precautionary measures as might be essential to the safety of the capital, in the event of the army of the Czar advancing rapidly upon it. When once this was done, the allied forces might with safety operate in other and more advanced positions.

'By rendering the positions of Constantinople and Gallipoli impregnable, even in the hands of a force not highly disciplined, the mass of the armies would be available for acting at a distance; and having a secure basis to the rear, could (as well as the fleets) leave these most important localities behind them, without any feeling of apprehension. Moreover, even in a time of profound peace, it is of the utmost importance that these defences should be completed, so that fresh aggression may not be provoked, by a knowledge of the feeble and vulnerable

condition of the very seat of government of the Ottoman empire, situated as it is in a locality, which, quite independent of its being around the capital, has the greatest political and strategical interest to every nation in Europe.'—Vol. i. pp. 49, 50.

Some valuable remarks are made respecting the principalities seized by Russia, as well as on the Dobrudscha, the climate of which has been so fatal to the Russian troops. The Caucasian range is also noticed with the eye of a soldier.

'All parties in Russia,' says our author, 'though differing as to the means, agree that the entire subjugation of the Caucasians is a political necessity, both in reference to the security of the Russian provinces beyond the mountains, and for the development of her power in Asia. The circumstance of an intervening region, inhabited by a warlike and independent people, through which communication is often impeded by their occupying a single defile, has ever been a subject of inquietude and mortification; and this obstruction may now be raising a more intense feeling, with the expectation of its becoming an insuperable barrier.'—Vol. ii. p. 216.

We should be glad to notice at considerable length our author's account of the naval station of Sebastopol, but want of space compels us to be very brief. The general opinion of our countrymen has been, that Sebastopol was quite open on the land side, so that an adequate military force might with comparative ease obtain possession of it. Such was apparently its former state; but there is reason to conclude that it is so no longer. 'So late as 1853, travellers, who, however, were not military men, reported that the town was still altogether open to the land side. Detached works may, however, have existed even then which escaped their observation; and there is little doubt that, since the occurrence of war, the Russians have been busied in extending the defences on that side.'

Our countrymen are looking for some great event in the Black Sea. A recent speech of Lord John Russell is supposed to indicate an approaching attack on Sebastopol, and the French general is reported to have received orders to proceed thither with a large military force. Major-General Mackintosh's opinion is strongly opposed to an immediate and direct attack on this seaport. Such an attack he deems in the highest degree hazardous, though his opinion is equally decided that the permanent possession of the Crimea and the ultimate capture of Sebastopol, may be certainly accomplished by an attacking force of adequate magnitude. As a preliminary step, he is of opinion that Anapa on the Circassian coast should be taken and garrisoned, and that the Circassians, who are very efficient irregular horse, should be invited into the Crimea, as a countervailing force to the Cossack and other Russian cavalry.

'I shall suppose,' he says, 'that a strong force of the allied armies has effected a disembarkation, and having cleared the peninsula of Kertch of the Russian troops, raised such defences towards the mainland, and so effectually secured the sandy ledge of Arabat, as to be able, with perfect prudence, to leave the peninsula in its rear. I consider it might be possible for a column of light troops, accompanied by sappers and artificers, and supported by steamers, to pass along this shore, securing each strong point in the passes through the mountain, while the main column of the army would advance along the sloping northern face of the range, where it dips towards the steppes of the Crimea. As both columns, advancing parallel to each other, reached in succession the small passes leading across the heights, they would seize and fortify them sufficiently to secure the means of future retreat through them, if retreat should unfortunately be necessary, as well as to prevent any attempts on their rear; and for these reasons the improvement of the roads through the passes would be very desirable. These measures would, in case of necessity, afford means of re-embarking at whatever might be the nearest harbour on the coast, when a retrograde movement was called for, leaving only a sufficient rear-guard to cover the retreat in the strongest part of the pass, which, as we have supposed, would have been previously strengthened by field-works, so situated that the enemy could not make them available against the covering corps, when it abandoned them, or against the army should it again advance. \* \* \*

'I imagine that the whole mountain tract of the south shore might thus be taken possession of from Kertch to Sebastopol; but it is, of course, to be expected that some hard fighting would occur before this result could be attained; and even afterwards the flat country of the Crimea might become the theatre of a very severe struggle. But while the allies would have in their rear a strong country bordering on the sea, from whence they could draw their supplies, the Russians would have a flat country without a single position to retire upon; and in the event of being beaten, they would be forced back upon the isthmus of Pericop, and driven over it beyond the limits of the peninsula. Their supplies, too, in the Crimea, must all pass over this isthmus, as our supremacy afloat would enable us to stop all water transit, not only over the sea on the Odessa side, but also on that of Azof, as small steamers, gun-boats, and the very launches of our ships of war might, I have been told by good naval authority, enter that shallow inland sea, and sweep it clear of every description of vessel.

'The capture of the town of Sebastopol, from the land side, would not be a serious undertaking to a victorious army, supported by a powerful fleet, and its sea batteries and the ships in its harbour would then fall easily under their combined fire. For this purpose, siege-guns might be required on shore; but Bala-Klava and its excellent harbour would then have fallen, and would afford facilities for landing, if no nearer place should be available. Numerous ships and many troops would be requisite for these operations; but without such force, all thoughts of disturbing the Crimea to a serious extent must be abandoned. While advancing along the south shore, the allied



column on the north side of the heights, as well as to the south, would have the advantage of manœuvring in a country where a large proportion of cavalry would not be indispensable; but on advancing across the steppes towards Pericop, a field eminently calculated for the employment of that arm would begin: and it is to be hoped that by that time we might assemble a strong force of cavalry for the purpose.'—*Ib.* pp. 261-265.

These observations, with the remarks appended to them, are eminently worthy attention. The authority already given to the views of Major-General Macintosh, as shown in the substantial adoption of his suggestions, entitles him to speak with confidence. The tone, however, of his observations is at once calm and unpretentious. There is neither mistrust nor overweening confidence in them. He writes like a man who is fully equal to his theme, and who has well considered the facts connected with it. Our military authorities will do well to deliberate calmly on his suggestions, whilst the great body of our countrymen may learn from them to sober their expectations. We have no doubt of the issue of the present struggle, but we should deeply deplore the unnecessary exposure of our troops, in order to satisfy the demand of an impatient people. Let our military movements be as energetic and determined as possible, but let not our soldiers be sacrificed in rash expeditions. Let us be content to accomplish our object with the least possible expenditure of life; though the measures adopted may be more dilatory, and the time required be more protracted, than we had calculated on. We strongly recommend Major-General Macintosh's work. It supplies much of the information which was needed; and if we may judge of others by ourselves, it will moderate the expectation of immediate results, at the same time that it strengthens confidence in our ultimate triumph.

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Since the foregoing was in type, it has been authoritatively announced that a large expedition has proceeded from Varna to the Crimea. 'We are at length,' says the 'Times' of the 5th ult., 'in a condition to present something more than speculations and surmises on the movements of the allied armies in the East. About the time we write, if not on this very day, a force made up of English, French, and Turks, and amounting to between 80,000 and 100,000 men, will invade the Crimea.' The precise point of disembarkation is not of course at present known. There are good reasons for keeping it a profound secret as long as possible. In due course we shall receive intelligence which, we doubt not, will be as honorable to the sagacity of the commanders as to the bravery of the troops.

ART. III.—*Vestiges of Old London.* By John Wykeham Archer.  
Imperial Quarto. London: David Bogue.

LONDON, in antiquity second only to Rome among the cities of the western world, can be traced in authentic record to about the middle of the first century of the Christian era. It is referred to, for the first time, by Tacitus (Ann. xiv. 33), in terms which, in a broad sense, apply to its present state, as a place most renowned for the concourse of merchants, and an abundant mart of goods. In earlier times, however, the citizens entertained higher views of the source of the wealth and greatness of London. These are embodied in an address to Henry VI., still in existence, setting forth that—

‘Among the noble cities of the universe, extolled by fame, none can be compared to the city of London, the metropolis of your realm, which is esteemed the wonder of the world, both for the wholesomeness of its air, the true faith and practice of the Christian religion amongst its inhabitants, its most worthy liberty, and most ancient foundation. For, according to the credit of chroniclers, it is considerably older than Rome, having been founded by Brute, after the form of great Troy, before Rome was built by Romulus and Remus. Whence to this day it enjoys the liberties, rights, and customs of that ancient city of Troy, for it retains the senatorial dignity and lesser magistrates (*i. e.*, mayor and aldermen), and its annual sheriffs supply the place of consuls. And whoever repair thither, of whatever condition they be, free or servants, they are protected and obtain their freedom. And almost all the bishops, abbots, and nobles of England have their noble palaces here, and are, as it were, citizens and freemen of this city.’

London has greatly progressed since the date of this document, and its advantages are now judged by a higher standard; but it has lost somewhat in the article of faith, the credit of chroniclers referred to being ignored by the discrimination of modern authorities.

With regard to London itself, it appears from the brief notice of Tacitus that the inhabitants had made some progress in wealth and civilization prior to the occupation of the country in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, nineteen years before the city was noticed by the Roman annalist, for it can hardly be supposed that it rose in that brief and unsettled interval, when the Romans were struggling to maintain their newly-acquired territory. London probably originated as an independent British town, and its relationship to Rome may have resembled that which is due to a foster-mother, not to a parent city. The story of Brutus and the line of kings who succeeded him is

drawn from a history in the British tongue, which was met with by Walter Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, in the middle of the twelfth century. The manuscript was committed for translation to Geoffrey Ap David, called Geoffrey of Monmouth, who is supposed to have grafted upon it Merlin's prophecies and other garbled matter, and probably the compilation was further vitiated by succeeding hands, the result of which is that the whole document has been set aside with a degree of contempt too uncompromising and absolute. Four of those kings are said to have been buried in London, and the names of two of them, Belin and Lud, are associated with the well-known localities of Billingsgate and Ludgate. It is remarkable, that at the point where this line of kings comes in contact with the course of acknowledged history, we learn from the authority of Julius Cæsar, that the Trinobantes, whose territory covered the present counties of Middlesex and Essex, entered into a voluntary alliance with Cæsar, showing thereby some evidence of civil polity in thus obtaining the protection of the Romans against the neighbouring states, and procuring the restoration of their ruler, Mandubrace, brother to Lud, who had fled into Gaul to escape the vengeance of Caswallen, or Cassivellaunus, whose seat is supposed to have been near Watford, in Hertfordshire.

Touching the condition of the Britons, and those of London in particular, at the time when this city came under the notice of Tacitus, the author of the work before us says :—

‘Of the original inhabitants of this site the recorded facts are few and unconnected. We are told of the Britons, generally, that they had horsemen and charioteers, whose evolutions in several instances taxed the tried skill of the Roman troops, that their government was over-ruled by a theocracy whose observances and symbolism appear to have been derived from an eastern source. Moreover, the people are said to have painted their bodies, and to have been in many particulars little superior to the condition of savages. The statement of Tacitus respecting the mixed character of the Britons, may account for this disparity, and it may be conceived that the southern and maritime parts of the island, when first known to the Romans, had become the resort of a series of communities, offshoots of the Belgic, Gaulish, and other tribes inhabiting the opposite points of the continent, Druidism, which appears to have held the initiative position, having perhaps been introduced together with other particulars of eastern character by wandering members of the Phœnician race. Tacitus, particularly referring to London, testifies to the consequence which it had attained as a mercantile situation in the year 62. This site, called by the Romans *Londinium*, a name supposed to have been Latinised from a British original, may be conceived to have progressed through some stages of civilization prior to Cæsar's acquaintance with the island, whither he was directed by the Gaulish merchants who frequented its



ports, although the country at large probably contained the elements both of the natural and progressive states, the former as represented by man in a state of warfare with the wild beasts in order to provide for his subsistence and to maintain his place in the land, the progressive state by the steps whereby he had subdued and trained to his service the more useful and tractable animals, such as the horse and cow, and the land by means of cultivation, for it is stated that the Britons grew corn and garnered it for use—evidences of the pastoral and agricultural conditions. A third and important step in progress being evinced by the mercantile character of the inhabitants of London, and their communication with the opposite coast, and, in addition, the fact, according to Cæsar's statement, that the Gauls were in the practice of sending their young men to Britain to receive education, indicates a further token of the partial civilization presumed to have been introduced by a superior race who directed the religious and civil institutions of the country.'—Introduction, pp. 1, 2.

The period at which London is introduced to us by Tacitus is upwards of a century later than that of Julius Cæsar's invasion of Britain, when the inhabitants, and especially those of London, had obtained probably considerable intercourse, not only with the Roman provinces, but with the imperial city itself, in the way of trade, as well as on account of the tribute imposed upon them by Cæsar. Indeed, the presence of Roman officers was required to superintend the dues which were levied on articles of traffic shipped or landed in Britain. It appears, moreover, that the Roman states became an asylum to disaffected Britons, for we learn that Adminius, one of their princes, took refuge under Caius Cæsar, when exiled by his father Cynobellinus; and another refugee, called Bericus, Dion Cassius informs us, was the cause of the invasion of Britain under Claudius Cæsar. The emperor refused to give him up at the demand of his countrymen, who thereupon withdrew from all intercourse with the Romans, and thus furnished the latter with a pretext for the war by which Britain was ultimately reduced to a Roman province. Through such intercourse, it is presumed that Britain became familiar to the Romans, and hence a considerable degree of their influence, and, perhaps, even an infusion of the arts of that people may have operated upon the general aspect of London prior to the subjugation of the country by Roman arms.

The names of many streets and places in London retain so much of their original significance as to furnish the investigator of its ancient state with an amusing exercise in restoring them from the corruptions of familiar pronunciation, and, with corroborating circumstances, a valuable guidance in his researches. We have an instance in the original meaning of Dowgate, a wharf in Thames-street, which is understood to preserve in its name a memorial of the London of the ancient Britons, being

derived from the word Dwr or Dwy—water, with the addition of the Saxon word, gate, or way. The earliest record of this locality represents it to have been a wharf or warehouse, of the merchants of Cologne, a company whose origin is coeval with our earliest traces of commerce, and which, probably, originated in the trade between Britain and the Roman states, while the former yet maintained its independence of the latter.

In a description of the wall of London, illustrated by a plan, the author follows the existing vestiges, step by step, filling up the intervals, and sketching many noted adjacent places. In this way he has described some features not before observed. In particular, a tower still existing on the east side of the Old Bailey, and considerable remains of Cripplegate Postern. Of Saxon London there exists not a vestige, nor does there appear any authority for supposing it to have presented any other appearance than that of the patched ruins of the Roman city, ravaged by repeated fires.

‘Thor and Woden usurped the Roman temples, some of which are believed to have been previously dedicated to the Christian ritual; Freya, the Teutonic Venus, perhaps had her shrine on the site now called Friday-street, and *Caer Llundain* became *Lundenbyrig*, but in the disorder which prevailed, the condition of the mixed races who tenanted the usurped habitation of the Roman city, appears to have resembled that of wild hogs revelling in a vineyard.’

It remained for the Norman succession to give a fresh and noble aspect to the architectural features of London, one of which, the Keep, or White Tower, of London, remains in substance, and it may be anticipated that the fine chapel of St. John, which it contains, will soon be disburthened of the presses which contain the navy records, and again become visible in its lofty and massive proportions. The beginning of the Norman period proved favourable to the clergy, and churches and the magnificent residences of wealthy ecclesiastics were raised in suitable abundance.

‘The exertions of Dunstan, vigorously carried on by the clergy, had by the time of the Conquest, realized to the Church about a third of the landed property of the nation, and the endowment of churches and monasteries was proportionate to such means, together with the aids which the commutation of penances made available. The Conqueror, who owed his success in a great measure to the countenance of the Pope and the support of the Church, was at first a liberal patron of its endowments, and ecclesiastical edifices became a type of the wealth and splendour of the ambitious clergy of France and Italy, introduced by his sway and promoted by his successors. When religion and chivalry became associated, London was thronged with sumptuous edifices, suitable by their magnitude, to accommodate the retinue of prelates and their clergy, whose state rivalled that of the nobles, and

with the extensive monasteries of the newly-introduced orders, who planted themselves in rivalry with the original Benedictines, the ecclesiastical warriors of the Temple and of the order of St. John of Jerusalem being conspicuous. Those establishments, with their walls and gates, in like manner with the residences of the greater nobles, constituted a series of isolated strongholds, among which the wealthier citizens had their substantial dwellings and the poorer sort their hovels, promiscuously scattered—a mingled assemblage, graced with the display of solemn procession and glittering pageant, and rendered gay and exhilarating by minstrelsy and the manly sports and exercises of the citizens.’

A bright picture, on the shadow side of which should be contrasted the tyranny of the nobles, the exactions of the Church, the oppressions to which the commonalty were liable, the filth of their undrained dwellings and the abominations of unpaved streets and pent alleys, whereof frequent visitations of plague and pestilence were the natural consequence, to which may be added the imperfect state of the police and the want of provision for lighting the streets at night. These latter offered such scope for depredation, that in the reign of Henry II., murders and robberies were committed by bands of citizens, so that it was dangerous to go out after dark without armed attendance. Among the monasteries erected in the Norman period, that of St. Bartholomew the Great, near Smithfield, has a peculiar interest, not only in its existing remains, but more especially on account of the earnest devotedness by which its founder, Rahere, accomplished an undertaking, the beneficial result of which is perpetuated in the present St. Bartholomew’s Hospital. The record of this pious work is preserved in a manuscript of the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum.

Rahere was a man of low origin and a hanger-on of the court of Henry I. Stow describes him as a pleasant-witted gentleman, and therefore in his time called the king’s minstrel. However, he experienced a moral change, and went on a pilgrimage to the shrines of the Apostles Peter and Paul, at Rome, and while tarrying there he was ‘vexed with grievous sickness,’ under which he vowed that should he be restored to health, ‘he would make an hospital in recreation of poor men, and to them so there gathered, necessities minister after his power.’ He then was visited in a ‘vision full of dread and sweetness,’ by St. Bartholomew, who commanded him to found a church in the suburbs of London. Returning to England, ‘Rahere made his appeal to the king, touching the obligation which lay upon his conscience, and was favourably received, as well on account of the high authority by which he pleaded, as that, moreover, a traditionary sanctity appertained to the particular spot indicated as the site



of his intended edifice, through a revelation concerning it, which had been previously vouchsafed to Edward the Confessor.' 'Three men of Greece, also,' says the manuscript, 'came to London, and worshipped God upon the same spot, and prophesied that here should be built an acceptable temple, and that its fame should attain from the spring of the sun to the going down.' It appears that little aid had been granted by the king when Rahere began to clear the ground, which, according to the original account, he found in a most wretched plight.

There are so many points of good old English character in this MS. that we should be glad to quote from it, if space permitted. It is published entire, if we remember rightly, in the 'Archæologia,' and it is worthy of perusal. The existing version and Rahere's tomb appear to correspond in point of date, and they both probably owe their production to the revival in the Romish church of the monuments of its eminent members, which preceded the Reformation. They may date from about the year 1410, at which time the greater part of the priory was rebuilt. Stow mentions the restoration of the monument by Prior Bolton. On either side of the effigy kneels a canon, having before him the Bible, open at the forty-first chapter of Isaiah.

Though nearly every feature of this noble building is still represented by existing remains, we are reminded of the devastation of a few recent years. A Norman chapel, of peculiar solemnity, has been razed for the erection of a school. It is referred to in the MS. 'In the east part of the same church is an oratory, and in that an altar in the honour of the most blessed and perpetual Virgin Mary.' And it goes on to relate that the Virgin here appeared to one of the canons, named Hubert, to complain that 'her darlings,' the canons, were remiss in their duty of prayer and vigil. With this antique vestige were likewise swept away the ruins of the south transept and the arch of the chapter-house, this part of the building having been destroyed by fire about twenty years ago. The nave of the church, which extended westward to the fine *Early English* gate, which gives access to St. Bartholomew's Close from the north-east corner of Smithfield, has long since disappeared. An etching of the gate appears in the work before us. The present parish church is the choir of the Norman edifice, being, with the exception of the chapel in the White Tower, and the crypt of Bow church, the only large vestige of the period remaining in London. It is solemn and massive, as though constructed in defiance of time. Blocked up by the modern altar is an apse, which appears to have formerly been the chancel, and which, if opened out, would greatly enhance the beauty and space of the choir. The area within the cloisters measures about a hundred

feet on each of the four sides, but only the east cloister remains, in a very dilapidated state. The refectory is appropriated for a manufactory of tobacco; the original timber roof remains at a height of about forty feet, and the other dimensions of this great chamber are, in length about a hundred feet, by thirty in breadth; under the refectory is a noble crypt, now divided and used for cellarage. The prior's house exists in the disguise of a gimp manufactory at the east end of the church, and remains of the offices appear among the neighbouring dwelling-houses. In a large house, the site of which answers to that of the stables, wood-yard, &c., in a specification made at the time of the suppression, are two fine wainscoted rooms, in one of which is a vaulted ceiling and a good carved mantelpiece. They are supposed to have appertained to a residence of Lord Rich, who had a grant of the buildings and site of the priory. This worthy was the 'father of the apothegm' 'Well done if warily.' Cromwell, it was said, 'was the mall and Rich the hammer of abbeys,' and he proved himself a diligent agent to the overbearing king in the work of wholesale appropriation, his maxim being, 'when those religious societies saw they had faults enough discovered to take away their lands, they had wit enough to give them up; and it was his rule, by the art of casuistry, in which he was a master, to suggest the faults upon which he acted. When sent to Moore, he asked him, *'Whether he would acknowledge the king supreme head, if it were enjoined by an act of parliament?'* Sir Thomas asked him again, *'If the parliament enacted that God should not be Lord, whether he should consent to it?'* And those words undid him. The following exemplification of 'Well done if warily' is related by Lloyd,\* who had it from the mouth of Rich's grandson, the Earl of Warwick:—

'Rich, then living in Great St. Bartholomew's, though outwardly concurring with the rest, began now secretly to favour the Duke of Somerset, and sent him a letter, therein acquainting him with all passages at the council board, subscribing the same (either out of haste or familiarity), with no other direction save *To the Duke*, enjoining his servant, then newly entered into his family, quickly to deliver it. The man made more haste than good speed, and his lord, wondering at his quick return, demanded of him where the duke was, when he delivered him the letter? *In the charter house (said the servant) on the same token that he read it at the window, and smiled thereat.* But the Lord Rich smiled not at the relation, as sadly sensible of the mistake, and delivering up the letter to the Duke of Norfolk, no great friend of his, and an utter enemy to the Duke of Somerset. Wonder

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\* Lloyd's State Worthies.

not if this lord rose early up the next morning, who may be presumed not to have slept all night. He hieth to the court, and, having gotten admittance into the bed-chamber before the king was up, fell down on his knees, and desired that his old age might be eased of his burthensome office; pleading that there ought to be some preparatory intervals in statesmen, between their temporal business and their death, in order to which, he desired to retire to Essex, there to attend his own devotions; nor would he rise from the ground till the king had granted his request. And he thus saved himself from being stripped by others, by first pulling off his own clothes, who, otherwise, had lost his chancellor's place for revealing the secrets of the council board.'

Among the etchings in Mr. Archer's work is 'A Room in the Coach and Horses,' a mean public-house in Bartholomew Close, but formerly an appendage to the monastery. This is the best illustration in the collection, the griesly air of the neglected room being enhanced by the management of the light, a small portion whereof (and that only such as struggles over the house-tops tinged with the smoke of the city) is admitted by a deeply recessed window, and is reflected upon a squalid unmade bed and some articles of slovenly costume—an old pair of boots thrown upon scanty fragments of ragged carpet, &c. A broadsheet, setting forth the adventures of a sprightly Young Farmer of Essex, and a 'Last dying speech and confession,' &c., the latter with its appropriate heading of a gibbet, are the pictorial decorations of the apartment. A door that has not been opened from time immemorial, but which, local tradition says, conceals the tokens of a horrid murder, darkens a shadowy recess, and bars the Bluebeard chamber beyond. There ought to be a ghost story to complete the attractions which this apartment holds forth for a nocturnal adventure,—the terms are cheap, fourpence per night being the charge to Smithfield drovers, and such unimaginative wights as seek repose under its dingy auspices. These are the ordinary features of this inauspicious lodging, 'but it has originally been a noble apartment, about thirty-four feet in length, and upwards of twenty feet high, with an arched roof, the pointed ends of which being distorted by the pull of the strong timbers that help to support it, renders it difficult to judge as to what period the proportions of the arch might be identified with, but the substantial nature of the building is betokened by the bulk of the wall, three feet in thickness. The antique character of the north end of this apartment, as shown in the etching, is marred by a chimney having been carried through the floor and penetrating the apex of the roof. A heavy cornice, bearing escutcheons, which skirts the springs of the roof, belongs to the style of the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century; and some indications of a small door, which has



been built up, seem to refer to about the same period. This apartment is divided by a wooden partition of no very recent date.

Among other appurtenances of the monastery mentioned by Mr. Archer is the mulberry garden. We remember, about ten years ago, the grubbing up of the last stock referred to by the author, as a lingering survivor, which may have furnished, in its prime, a dainty especially favoured by the sweet-toothed canons on *gau-dies* in the refectory.

Another capital etching represents the Salt Tower, one of the oldest towers by which the ballium wall surrounding the keep or White Tower was defended. The view was taken in 1846, when the demolition of an old canteen, called the 'Golden Chain,' and another house, laid open the ancient ballium wall, constructed by William Longchamp, bishop of Ely, and chancellor of England, in the reign of Richard I., in consequence of a quarrel with Prince John, and under pretence of providing against his designs upon the state. He likewise surrounded this wall with a ditch, which, however, must have been considerably within the compass of the present fosse, as it is recorded that in the reign of Henry III. this was again enclosed with an earthen bulwark, afterwards replaced by a wall of brick, in the reign of Edward IV. The ancient wall was composed of blocks of chalk, which were removed, and the wall demolished. Dr. Stukely, in his speculative map of London, lays down what he terms *Arx Palatina*, supposed by him to have been erected by the Emperor Constantine, on the site of the present Tower of London. Proof of the Roman wall having crossed this site has been found in the discovery of masonry constructed in the peculiar Roman manner; and in the case of Sir Thomas Overbury's murder, committed during his imprisonment in the Tower, it was proved, upon a question as to whether the murder was committed within the bounds of the city, or in Middlesex, that the city walls traversed the buildings contained within the tower, and his apartment being on the west of it, persons there imprisoned came accordingly under the jurisdiction of the city. The discovery of coins of the Emperors Honorius and Arcadius, in digging foundations for the Ordnance Office, in 1777, induced Dr. Milles, dean of Exeter, and president of the Society of Antiquaries, to conclude this site to have been 'the capital fortress of the Romans, their treasury as well as their mint.' The remarkable expression of Fitzstephen, in reference to the Tower, which in his day must have appeared a comparatively modern feature among the extensive vestiges of the ancient city, has always been a matter of speculation.

'The city of London,' he says, 'hath in the east a very great and most strong palatinate tower, whose turrets and walls do rise from a deep foundation; the mortar thereof is tempered with the blood of

beasts.' This account, written within a century of the period assigned to the erection of William the Conqueror's tower, appears to distinguish some edifice of remote origin, with a strange traditionary accompaniment, which, if it can be supposed to convey any meaning at all, might be construed into an indefinite allusion to the blood of Roman sacrifices, whereby the foundations of the edifice had been consecrated. At any rate, the comparatively speaking newly-erected tower of the Conqueror must have been familiar, together with all the particulars of its erection, to the monkish chronicler, and in this view his account suggests the striking inference that the White Tower (so called) may have been only reconstructed upon the remains of an earlier Roman fortress. . . . With reference to the title by which the Norman tower has been distinguished as *Cæsar's tower*,

"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame!"

although there is no ground for the belief that Julius Cæsar ever set foot on the soil of London, this title, supposing the existence of a Roman tower, may have been bestowed, without reference to the original invader of Britain, upon the edifice in honour of the contemporary Cæsar, or presumed heir to the empire, at the time of its erection. It is to be remarked that this title appears in a record of a survey made in the reign of Henry the Eighth, in connexion with the Salt Tower, where it is designated as *Julius Cæsar's tower*, but whether from any traditionary reference to a Roman origin there appears no evidence to indicate. It is, however, one of the oldest of the towers by which the ballium surrounding the keep was defended, being supposed to date from the reign of William Rufus. The Salt Tower is of a circular form, with a vaulted dungeon in the basement story, surrounded by deep recesses. The story above is entered by a flight of stone steps leading from the ballium wall, called the king's gallery.

Several remarkable devices, the work of captives, are cut in the walls on this story. Next to the circuit of London Wall the author bestows his most minute attention on a survey of the Fleet ditch, from its source at Hampstead, and its associations, from the remote time of its virgin purity to the days when the uproar of Hockley-in-the-Hole mingled with its sluggish murmurs, and downwards. It is somewhat difficult to realize his picture of its 'virgin stream flowing under the western inclosure of the Trinobantes,' whether, as 'threading its silent way through the primeval forest of oak and beech undisturbed save when the elk or the tremendous urus rushed from the brake to slake its thirst or lave its limbs in the yet nameless river, or curving to murmuring falls nigh which the beaver constructed its weir, or spreading its waters where the painted Celt paddled his coracle between its embowered shores, ere yet the chronicler had commenced his task, unless, indeed, some long-forgotten lay of the Druidic bard may have been tuned in its praise, and sung among the sacred groves which then hallowed its banks.'

Here is a companion picture of a later and more familiar character, accompanying an etching of 'Old houses at the back of Field-lane, with the open part of the Fleet ditch :—

'The congregation of dilapidated hovels and "rats' castles" indicated in the accompanying view, formed lately part of a district of a like ruinous character, much of which still cumbers the ground, and is bounded, not inappropriately, at its extremities, by the approach to Newgate from the foot of Holborn, on the south, and on the north by the House of Correction in Coldbath-fields. . . . Quitting the landmarks of civilization, and diving among the sinuosities of a labyrinth of narrow lanes and alleys, pent thoroughfares, which have no title in street nomenclature, blind passages, ways which lead through tenements ruined and deserted, or over the roofs of half-buried hovels, stumbling among the decaying timbers of houses, roofless and shattered, but still continuing to serve as roosting-places for the vestiges of humanity that people this forlorn region, amid filth indescribable, and the accumulated garbage and congestion of all imaginable and unimaginable odours, we approach the innermost parts of the land, and espy somewhat of its murky wonders. And, wonderful, indeed, it seems that wealthy and populous London, with its splendour and resources, should tolerate so detestable a nook on the very confines of its spacious marts; that it should have never a besom to cleanse this foul and festering corner, a breeding-place for fevers, cholera, and other more lingering but equally fatal diseases that congeal the vital fluids, under a continual access of slow poison. Having advanced "thus far into the bowels of the land," the Fleet ditch, the *Acheron* of this *Avernus*, is seen weltering in its open channel, which longitudinally divides the district here described, presenting on its opposite coast only another variety of squalor and dilapidation. Here every vestige of order appears to be lost sight of; old houses which seem to have seen better days, edifices with some marks of ornamentation, and of such a size as may have once entitled them to the character of substantial habitations, stand huddled among wooden sheds, hollow carcases of other houses, and shapeless heaps where the buildings have decayed and fallen piecemeal—a mere labyrinth through which you pick your way, not unmolested by certain dogs of most villanous aspect, that, without any of the more lively manifestations of their species, lend an unwelcome escort, snuffing about your shins as though only hesitating in which particular place to fix their teeth. Thus you arrive at a part where the ditch becomes considerably widened, and on the opposite bank appear the shambles of the carrion butchers of Sharp's-alley. Horses of all ages and degrees, the maimed, the diseased, and the superannuated, await here the final blow, fetlock deep in the gore of such as have already received their quietus, in order that the multitude of dogs, cats, and consumers of sausages may be duly catered for, the latter savoury viand being abundantly manufactured in this neighbourhood in all its varieties of real Epping, German, Bologna, down to the humble saveloy at two a penny, and the skins destined to contain the highly-flavoured mess (strong meat



requires strong seasoning) may be seen hanging in strings over the reeking channel of the ditch, probably to enhance their mildewed and foreign appearance, or perhaps to give an additional *gout* to those popular dainties. The knackers' sheds are the rats' banqueting-house; in these parts the king of the rats holds his court, and reviews his myriad armies, cruel, fearless, and independent as the tyrant of Dahomey, who sits on a throne of his enemies' skulls. . . . The human inhabitants would strike the mere daylight observer as comprising only women and children. The men eschew observation from prudential motives. Of the former, groups may be seen crouching on steps or huddled together within the doorways of their wretched abodes, blear-eyed and stupefied under the collapse succeeding a debauch of gin—the girl of twelve and the woman of twenty-five wearing the same air of callous apathy, the result of the like pernicious cause. The age of from five-and-twenty to thirty is here the maximum term of female life, but there are exceptions, and they are terrible ones, the few really old women met with in those parts being such as an extraordinary strength of fibre has enabled to defy the effects of continued debauchery—the slaves of the elder thieves and the tempters and nursing mothers of the young fraternity. . . . In the young fry—the children of the soil, as they may well be termed—it may be remarked, that while they exhibit none of the graces of infancy, they are equally free from the characteristic display of childish petulance. Rolling listlessly in the dust and filth, or moping in corners, they sit or lie about with the apathy of pigmy Diogeneses, neither playing nor fighting, as if destitute of sufficient animus for either exertion. The same gravity distinguishes the lads of from five to fifteen, but in them is developed the impulse of play, still, however, in a sedate and calculating spirit. Pitch and toss, and other games of chance, dexterity, or such as include a little by-practice, engage the attention of those young Spartans, when not professionally employed on the *fogle lay*\*, or *shelling a till*.† A short pipe is an indispensable feature in the countenance of boys of this class from the age of five years upwards. Such is the scene where generation after generation of the most vile and desperate characters have been born, nursed, and educated in crime, even to the pitch of moral lycanthropy, whose rabid appetite blood only can assuage.'

In another paper—for with the exception of the localities of London Wall and the Fleet, the subjects are taken up without any kind of connexion with each other—the author maintains, with a satisfactory amount of evidence, the fact of a Temple of Diana having existed upon the site of the present Post Office, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, where extensive remains of a Roman edifice were discovered in preparing the foundations of the building. This article is accompanied by an etching of an altar

\* Stealing handkerchiefs.

† One of the practices among juvenile thieves is to skulk about shops, and, watching their opportunity, to creep in, and empty the till of its contents.

of Diana, found near the spot, but which has erroneously been described in other works as an altar of Apollo. This interesting feature of Roman London is deposited in Goldsmiths' Hall. In the etchings which embellish this work, a method of producing a secondary tint, not unlike effects observable in the works of Rembrandt, is practised with great success. This is particularly observable in a view of the crypt under the chapel of Lambeth Palace, the degrees of light and shadow being graduated to a point of great intensity where a ray of light enters one of the windows and loses itself in the gloom of the remote vaults; likewise in a view of the wall of the Tower postern and of remains of London Wall, near Trinity-square, where the texture of the decayed stone is rendered with great faithfulness. Indeed, in several of these subjects, it is evident that the masonry has been drawn, stone by stone, so as to show as well the peculiarities of construction as the effects of time and decay.

The last of the old London shops called *bulks*, pulled down a few years ago, near Temple Bar, brings in a perspective of the youngest of the city portals, the question of whose longer existence afforded a recent topic for the newspapers. The time when the sketch was taken appears to have been the æra of *General Tom Thumb*, as indicated by a placard carried on the sunny side of the street, while on the shadowy side stalks the advertisement of Aristides, about the last finished work of the unfortunate Haydon, whose indignant comment on the public taste in passing his exhibition to crowd the reception room of the fashionable abortion is recorded in his Journal. Connected with this subject we have a review of the many and varied associations which have shed an interest over the otherwise unattractive city portal. This includes the pageants which have passed under its shadow, the most striking of which was the triumphant return of Charles II., and the rueful spectacle which it exhibited some eighty years afterwards, when disfigured by 'the heads of those devoted gentlemen who forfeited their lives in a desperate effort to restore the fortunes of the ill-starred house of Stuart, exposed as if in bitter derision of the monarchs of that line, whose effigies adorn the niches of the edifice.' Among these reminiscences are not forgotten, Chaucer and the Franciscan, Sir John Oldcastle, Clement's-lane, and the Gunpowder Conspirators; Pope's first bow to Warburton, in the shop of Robinson the bookseller; Johnson, holding by a post and laughing like a rhinoceros, sending forth peals so loud that in the silence of the night his voice seems to resound from Temple Bar to Fleet ditch; Swift, already halting on the Tory leg, steps over to the *Devil* to dine with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison; and Oliver Goldsmith, in his scarlet *roquelaire*, struts forth a doctor of medi-

cine from his lodging at No. 2, Brick-court, in the Temple. Of the coffee-houses and taverns of this storied locality, *Nandos* is no more, but 'Dicks' and the 'Rainbow' still flourish. The famed tavern, kept by Simon Wadloe, *king of skinkers*, where Pope says of Ben Johnson—

‘The Muses met him at the Devil,’

has left an imperishable celebrity in its *Apollo Club* and *Leges Convivales*. Here, likewise, on the Temple side of the Bar, Bernard Lintot had his shop, and Tooke, another bookseller; and on the opposite side, at the end of Shire-lane, took place that solemn debate on the point of precedence by the country gentlemen recorded in the pages of the 'Tatler'—a scene worthy of the pencil of Ward, or Frith; and which, to those who have read the passage, renders it impossible to pass the spot without being reminded of those celebrated *twaddlers*, and their strife of mutual deference, like a garrulous company of geese essaying the entry of a barn door. Other etchings worthy of notice are the house of Milton, and the tree planted by him in Petty France; Westminster; a house in Fetter-lane, an early locality of John Dryden; the house of Sir Paul Pindar; the Fleet Ditch, under whose vaulting the author was tempted by the zeal of research to penetrate; remains of Clarendon House, in Piccadilly; a staircase of old Southampton House, still in existence; and a door of the house of the celebrated Gondomar, with a characteristic figure of one of the class of London boys who exist by what they term *chancing it*. This hopeful youth being questioned by the author while he stood for his portrait, as to the extent of his education, professed his ignorance of reading, &c., but boasted of a higher accomplishment—to wit, he could drink an *out* of gin standing on his head.

The etchings are thirty-seven in number, being, the author states, a selection from some hundreds of drawings of remains of Old London, which have engaged his attention for many years, and which he continues to augment. We sincerely hope that the fruits of his undertaking may survive to show a future generation that London in the nineteenth century still retained a remnant of its ancient edifices and monuments—vestiges which the unceasing demands of modern improvement are calculated to render dependent upon such means for their rescue from total oblivion.



ART. IV.—*The Memoirs of Joseph John Gurney: with Selections from his Journal and Correspondence.* Edited by Joseph Bevan Braithwaite. 2 vols. 8vo. Norwich. 1854.

THE names of the Gurneys, the bankers of Norwich and London, and that of their kinsman, the late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, stand high in public estimation. These eminent men, along with their no less eminent relative, Elizabeth Fry, have won European and *American* fame by standing forward among the foremost in promoting the best works of our time; and they have helped to sow seeds of humanity so plentifully, that younger philanthropists are now enabled to follow out their benevolent designs with far less difficulty than they encountered. It is then right to hold them up as examples to others who are to be the instruments of doing even better things than they accomplished. The Gurneys are brilliant representatives, so to speak, of the Society of Friends,—a portion of the British people, whose influence should be measured by character, not by numbers. It is not the least of the merits of these Memoirs that they present in striking lights the method by which a powerful mind contributed to direct the efforts of *Friends* towards special works of reformation; and the habit of that society, after deliberating upon some one object of improvement, to pursue it with the collective and individual zeal and prudence which so rarely fail of success.

Joseph John Gurney, the subject of these volumes, was one of the eleven children of John Gurney, a banker of Norwich, sprung from a younger branch of the ancient family of the Gurneys, or Gournays, powerful landowners in several counties, whose ancestors came from Normandy with the Conqueror. The story of that ancient family is told in a work\* of even more historical than personal interest, from the pen of Mr. Daniel Gurney, the youngest of the eleven children of John Gurney of Earlham. In the attractive forms of individual anecdotes and of pictorial illustrations, this volume presents the strangely diversified lives, and the fortress and rural homes, of this manly race, from old Hugh de Gournay, who, with his followers from his lordship of Brai, boldly encountered and mercilessly slew his adversaries,† down to Sir Thomas de Gournay, ‘a man of a

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\* Record of the House of Gournay, compiled from original documents, by Daniel Gurney, Esq., F.S.A. 4to. London: Nichols. 1848. pp. 715. (For private distribution.)

† ‘Li vieil Hue de Gurnai, ensemble o li sa gent, de Brai. Mult e ocistrent et tuerent.’ Roman de Rou, par Wace. 2nd Vol. pp. 241.

savage and cruel disposition,' who was one of the tormentors and assassins of Edward II. in Berkeley Castle, and was then chased by the subtle vengeance of Edward III. half over Europe, to his death at Bayonne ;—from Francis Gurney, a prosperous merchant of London in the seventeenth century, to the princely provincial traders and bankers of Norwich of a later date ;—from the more strongly contrasted Gournai, of the Norman monastery of Bec, down to anti-Cromwellian puritans, and the Quakers and philanthropists of our time. Mr. Daniel Gurney has abstained, with good taste, from including in the Memoir the living members of his family, and from setting forth those advocates of peace and reformation in contrast with the daring warriors and the regicide barons of his remarkable race ; but the portraits scattered through the volume strikingly attest its genuine type, and recal the kindly features with which we are all so well acquainted. He has, however, carefully recorded the progress of his forefathers in religious dissent, and enlarged with curious felicity upon the antiquity of the craft of banking and loans to which the worthily employed wealth of their descendants is traceable. On this head, the slight error in his historical sketch, of styling the founder of the Bank of England *Sir William Paterson*, instead of plain *William Paterson*, may be noticed the more properly, inasmuch as 'Mr. John Gurney of Norwich' is a fellow-subscriber with a plain William Paterson to an early book on Commerce, 'The British Merchant,' along with Harley and Walpole, Addison and Steele, and a host of other historical names.

This 'Record of the House of Gournay' ought to be published for general use, as a picture of our progress in civilization. What a contrast is here seen of the ravages of the barbarians who violated all the decencies of social life in the middle ages, to the happier influence of the members of the same family in our day. With equal energy of character at both periods, and probably an equal amount of wealth, according to the requirements of the times, the men of brute force are the disturbers of society, the good and gentle its preservers and improvers.

The grandfather of John Gurney was one of the first *Friends* ; and suffered in their religious persecutions in the time of Charles II. John Gurney, of Earlham, did not strictly maintain the habits of the *Friends* ; but he respected that sect, and his wife, Catherine Bell, great grand-daughter to Barclay, author of the 'Apology,' became in her latter years, says the author of her son's memoirs, a decided *Friend*. She possessed superior talents, and her admirable qualities are fully described in the life of her highly-gifted daughter, Elizabeth Fry, one of the sisters of Joseph John Gurney. At her early death, leaving numerous young children, the eldest daughter, then but seventeen, took

the place of her mother—a charge she proved singularly capable of. Joseph John Gurney was at that time under five years of age; but he had already received good religious impressions. ‘I have no doubt,’ he says in his Journal, ‘that some seed was sown in my heart when I was little more than an infant through the agency of my watchful mother; and that seed was sedulously cultivated by my dearest sister Catherine; but he had no recollection of any decided turning-point in regard to religious impressions except what afterwards brought him to *‘plain Quakerism.’* ‘I was by no means insensible,’ he says, ‘in very early life, to religious considerations; being no stranger, from the first opening of my mental faculties, to those precious visitations of Divine love, which often draw the young mind to its Creator, and melt it into tenderness. If religion has indeed grown in me (as I humbly believe it has, though amidst innumerable backslidings), it has pretty much kept pace with the growth of my natural faculties; for I cannot now recall any decided turning-point in this matter, except that which afterwards brought me to plain “Quakerism.”’

At eight or nine years old he was sent to a good classical school in Norfolk, kept by the Rev. John Henry Browne, a minister of the Church of England, and a pupil of Dr. Parr. When there he regularly attended the Friends’ meeting at Wymondham. In his Journal for January 6th, 1811, a curious passage indicative of changes known to have been long taking place in that body occurs, which marks his conscientious treatment of everything, however trivial. ‘I have had,’ he writes, ‘some powerful doubts on my mind whether or not it was my duty to adopt the phraseology of Friends; whether in not doing it I was not paying something like a false tribute to other people. I desire that I may not drive away these or *any other scruples, and yet that I may be favoured with a clear discernment of what is really my duty. At present, as such a step would involve large consequences, and as the thing is not now very forcibly on my mind, I believe I may rest till I have more closely investigated the differences between Friends and others.*’ At fifteen he went with a cousin, Gurney Barclay, to study at Oxford under the care of a very able tutor, John Rogers, who was employed in correcting the press at the Clarendon printing-house. The youths being dissenters were not entered as members of the University. Joseph John Gurney had come well grounded from school; and here he worked hard, and with extraordinary success for two years, so as to lay the foundation of that superior scholarship for which he was afterwards distinguished. His tutor was lively to eccentricity in his manners, and original in his method of teaching; but profound



and various in his attainments. He seems to have set his pupils hard tasks of every kind. But they were ready learners, and to extensive classical study Joseph John Gurney willingly added Hebrew, mathematics, *chemical lectures*, and 'Italian,' the last being learned secretly to surprise a sister.

The eagerness with which, according to one of his letters of the time, he searched over Oxford for news of 'Dr. Kidd's lectures,' is highly characteristic of the activity of his whole life; as well as of the then dawning state of chemical science in Oxford. 'As I saw no advertisements in any hole or corner,' he says, 'all good judges thought Dr. Kidd had not begun his lectures. So I stayed at home. Next lecture night I sent to the *Cellar*, as it is called, to be certain he had not begun; when, to my mortification, my messenger brought me word he had seen a light and heard a voice. I flew to the place, and sure enough found the Doctor haranguing. I was really disappointed to have missed *three* lectures on nitric, muriatic, and carbonic acids. I have partly made up my loss by studying an account of them in chemical books.'

A summary of *one week's* work towards the close of the residence of this young dissenter of seventeen in Oxford contains a remarkably satisfactory account of his proficiency. It may be doubted whether in 1805, the date of this letter to one of his sisters, the University could have produced his equal for the variety, depth, and exactness of his attainments. Vicesimus Knox had not indeed laboured in vain to reform the Oxford system; and the Allens had proved what fitting stimulants Oxford can produce in every department of science and learning. But here was their equal, however much their junior.

'My studies,' he says to his sister, 'go on in rather a flourishing way. I have read *this week* almost half through one of Æschylus' plays, a great deal of Thucydides and Josephus, two or three acts of Plautus, a great part of Caligula's reign in Suetonius, four cantos of Dante, and a proportionate quantity of Davila, a tolerable number of verses in the Hebrew Bible, some Euclid, and a great deal of algebra, a crowd of German grammarians, with portions of Locke, Gregory, and Ferguson. Besides these things, I have been employed by exercises of all kinds, Latin verses, chemical lectures, and, to conclude the whole, the composition of a long dissertation in Greek—rather a good week's work.'—Vol. i. p. 26.

His course of education might indeed become a model for all. Its solid foundation in the country school and its varied superstructure at Oxford do much credit to his teachers. How early he formed a correct notion of what makes a good scholar is shown in one of his letters at sixteen to his younger brother. 'Never despair,' he writes from Oxford, in 1805; 'fag on, and you will soon have your reward. . . . I hope Mr. — does not follow

——'s method of not laying sufficient stress upon grammar. Unless you know *that* perfectly, you will always find Greek difficult. *Never let a word pass without knowing every circumstance belonging to it.* You will find this tedious at first, but it will, I assure you, soon smooth down your difficulties.'

The contemplation of these two young *dissenters* at Oxford, zealously and successfully engaged in all the studies of the University, *with their examinations by their own tutors*, not by its public officers in the usual way, cannot but suggest very painful reflections. Why were they not members of the great educational establishment where they so creditably spent their youth? Why were they not to share its honours which they were proving themselves so well to merit? The answer is a heavy reproach. The proud designation of *University*, which should signify a seat of all learning and, without a strain of the term, a place of study open to all ranks and denominations of men, was narrowed by a bye-law of bigotry to mean the profession of a section among us. It is matter of national triumph in 1854 that so miserable a rule no longer prevails!

Joseph John Gurney had another destination in life than literature. His father was a partner in the bank established in Norwich in 1771, and which had greatly prospered. Two of his elder brothers were already introduced into the business—one of them, Mr. Samuel Gurney, was fixed in London. He was himself disposed to the same career, which would favour the continuance of his home enjoyments. It was his greatest delight to be in daily intercourse with his father and sisters. Although joining in the amusements suited to his age, he was already beginning to take the graver view of life, and of a Christian's duties. His Journal now begun, and continued without interruption to within a short time of his decease, has early entries to this effect.

The family at Earlham were divided in their views on ecclesiastical matters, yet without any diminution of mutual regard. In this respect they constituted an example most worthy of imitation, and one which deserves serious attention from that numerous body, which associates agreement of sentiment on all the secondary points of Christian faith and practice with mutual charity. Two of Mr. Gurney's sisters became decided Friends and ministers of the Gospel, whilst others formed ecclesiastical relationships of a different order. His own mind was deeply exercised on these points, and the conscientiousness with which he set himself to their consideration forms one of the most pleasing features of his character at this period. Having recorded, under date of July 1st, 1810, his attendance at a quarterly meeting 'with much satisfaction and peace of mind,' he adds,

‘At the same time I am not yet a believer in the peculiar pretensions of Friends; nor has anything which I have witnessed this week tended to make me so. Yet if it be the will of God to bring me more nearly to them, I earnestly pray that no countervailing disposition of my own may stand in his way.’ In July of the following year he refers to the same subject in terms which sufficiently indicate his growing conviction:—

‘I also think,’ he says, ‘that Friends have reason on their side with respect to the ministry; because I can hardly conceive any other authority for the ministry than the direct gift of the Spirit. . . . Their testimonies about oaths and war, put them, I think, upon a very high ground; and their ecclesiastical discipline is very admirable. I also think there is some reason in their minor testimonies about plainness of speech and dress. Indeed I have felt so much about the former, that I have adopted their modes in some degree. How far the reason of the thing will bear me out I know not; but my having made such a change, should induce a state of watchfulness and prayer, in a far greater degree than is at present my portion. If it be the Lord’s pleasure that I should adopt these things, may I be enabled to do so with all Christian boldness. Let me not be afraid of approaching my Saviour in solemn waiting to know his will. With respect to the sacraments, I own they are matters of great doubt; may I use all my efforts to discover the divine will respecting them.’—*Ib.* pp. 67, 68.

On the 2nd of August, 1812, he records that his mind was made up to ‘conform more entirely with Friends in plainness of speech and apparel;’ and on subsequently reviewing this period, he records an anecdote, which, whilst clearly illustrating the strength of his own conviction, betokens in our judgment a misapprehension, the conscientiousness of which we honor, whilst we demur to the propriety of the conclusion formed. We should do injustice to the narrative if we reported it in any other than his own simple and lucid words:—

‘Soon after my return home,’ he says, ‘I was engaged to a dinner party at the house of one of our first county gentlemen. Three weeks before the time was I engaged, and three weeks was my young mind in agitation, from the apprehension, of which I could not dispossess myself, that I must enter his drawing-room with my hat on. From this sacrifice, strange and unaccountable as it may appear, I could not escape. In a Friend’s attire, and with my hat on, I entered the drawing-room at the dreaded moment, shook hands with the mistress of the house, went back into the hall, deposited my hat, spent a *rather* comfortable evening, and returned home in some degree of peace. I had afterwards the same thing to do at the bishop’s; the result was, that I found myself the decided Quaker, was perfectly understood to have assumed that character, and to *dinner parties*, except in the family circle, *was asked no more*.’—*Ib.* p. 85.

That so clear a thinker, honestly devoted to the pursuit of truth, should confound such acts with religious conscientiousness,



is matter of grave wonder to us, nor does his candid biographer remove our surprise by the remarks which he appends. There is something infinitely superior to all this in the testimony borne by the spiritual mind against worldly conformity, and that something—whatever it may be—was nobly exhibited by Mr. Gurney throughout his subsequent life. There is no religious community on which we look with more respect than on that of the Society of Friends. It occupies an important post in the church of Christ, and has rendered to it most important service; yet we are free to confess that some of its habits seem to partake rather of ‘will-worship and voluntary humility’ than of the fidelity and spiritual mindedness which characterize the servants of God. From some of the evils which frequently flow from sectarian associations, Mr. Gurney was happily exempted by the largeness and catholicity of his mind. ‘His natural character,’ says his biographer, ‘doubtless led him to dwell rather on the points of union than of difference with those around him. With his expansive feelings, it was to him peculiarly painful to be separated in outward religious fellowship from some whom he much loved, from many whom he highly valued, and from the great bulk of his fellow professors of the Christian name.’ This temper beautifully appears in a letter to his aunt, written in September, 1811, giving an account of the formation of an Auxiliary Bible Society in Norwich. Speaking of the resolutions which were submitted to the general meeting, he says—

‘The Bishop proposed them, I seconded them; and after I had given a little of their history and purport, they were carried with acclamation. Fellowes moved thanks to the Bishop; Kinghorn seconded, with some excellent remarks upon the Bishop’s liberality. The Bishop replied, and said some fine things of Kinghorn. It was really delightful to hear an old Puritan, and a modern Bishop, saying everything that was kind and Christian-like of each other. The Bishop’s heart seemed quite full, and primitive Kinghorn, when the Bishop spoke of him so warmly, seemed ready to sink into the earth with surprise and terrified modesty.’—*Ib.* p. 70.

His attention to the business of the bank was assiduous; but it did not prevent a close pursuit of knowledge, and especially of the study of the more serious branches of theology and biblical literature. At this period, Edward Edwards, a minister of Lynn, described him as ‘an extraordinary young man, about twenty, entirely employed in the bank, yet in the habit of devoting so much time to study early in the morning, as to have read nearly the whole of the Old Testament in the original Hebrew.’

An entry in his own journal, the twenty-third year of his age, presents a still more striking view of his literary vigour:—

‘I wish,’ he says, ‘to complete the Psalms, attending a little to Syriac and Chaldee as I go along. After that, to read Solomon, then Job again; to make myself master of the Jewish laws, and translate the ‘Yad Hachazekah,’ of Maimonides; to study the New Testament critically, and with a particular view to the great doctrines of the Trinity and the atonement; to finish Ancient History in Plutarch, Sallust, Cicero, Cæsar, &c., after that to read Tacitus, then Gibbon; to read every afternoon a hundred lines of Greek Poetry, and go on with Pindar. After I finish Michaelis I shall launch into English History, and follow it up, if possible, with English Law.’—*Ib.* pp. 58, 59.

It is not surprising that so ripe a student should have corrected the less exact learning of Sir William Drummond, as Joseph John Gurney did in an acute criticism, published in the ‘Classical Journal’ (vol. ii. No. 3, p. 524), in his twenty-third year.

Such suitable preparation enabled him to produce his important ‘Essays on Christianity,’ his ‘Biblical Notes and Dissertations,’ and his treatise ‘On the History, Authority, and Use of the Sabbath.’ But deep learning was a secondary instrument in his chosen path in life. Attached from early association, and on principle, to the Society of Friends, he soon became one of their ministers, so far as their plan admits of such a service. This employment long claimed a large portion of his earnest and active labours in all parts of the United Kingdom, and in the United States of America. He also devoted much time and thought to the calls of *philanthropy* in the widest and purest meaning of that abused word, and has left a poetical, truthful view of a good man’s proper way of directing his sympathies with his kind. His own practice conformed to this curious scheme of communicative benevolence, which is of universal application:—

‘I have often,’ he says, ‘thought that the grounds on which a serious Christian stands in connexion with other men, while he prosecutes his various objects in life, may be compared to the successive stories of a *pyramid*. When he is transacting the common business of the day, with men of all characters and conditions, he is surrounded by vast numbers of people, and stands on the broad basement story. Here, while he abstains from evil things, he is compelled to communicate with many evil persons; and he calls to mind the words of the Lord Jesus, “I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from evil.” But now an hospital is to be built; he mounts to the second story, his ground is narrowed and his company lessens. The utterly selfish and dissolute disappear from his view; but he still finds himself in communication with the worldly as well as the religious; with the infidel as well as with the believer. Christian benevolence, however, has new services in store for him. A society is formed for distributing the Scriptures without note or comment. The object is one of undoubted excellence, and he heartily

engages in the cause. Here he stands on the third section of the pyramid. Again the company is diminished; again the circumference is contracted. Yet it is large enough to comprehend all reflecting persons of every class who value the Bible and approve of its dissemination. Our philanthropist knows that the work is pure and good, and though he by no means agrees in sentiment with all who co-operate in it, the last thing he dreams of is to narrow the circle either of its friends or of its efficacy.

‘But while in distributing the Bible he stands on a common level with all who approve that object, he well knows the importance of a sound interpretation of its contents; and on the next story of the pyramid he finds himself engaged with rather fewer companions, and within somewhat narrower boundaries in a Missionary Society, or in a sabbath-day school, formed for the express purpose of affording, to those who need it, *evangelical* instruction. The merely nominal Christian and the Socinian subscriber to the Bible Society have now parted from him; yet he is still encompassed by many persons whose religious views, on secondary points, differ from his own. He ascends, therefore, when occasion requires it, to an area of still smaller dimensions, and there he joins the members of his own church, in distributing tracts written in defence of the sentiments or practices peculiar to themselves. Finally, he has some solitary duty to perform, or some opinion, all his own, to maintain or develop; and behold, he stands alone on the top of the pyramid.’—*Ib.* pp. 461, 462.

It is impossible to have taken a very slight part in the various objects of social interest here sketched, without observing the cordial spirit in which the *Friends* have met on a common platform with others to promote the success of what they could agree upon, without being diverted from a good cause by the gravest differences in religious opinions. Who has not heard with satisfaction the *papist* O’Connell, before crowds of them, rousing Exeter Hall in behalf of the slave, and in mitigation of capital punishment? Christian charity was never better shown than in Joseph John Gurney’s scheme of universal intercourse on proper occasions for good purposes.

He was one of the first to revive the work of prison reform, which had become almost null among us after Howard’s death. The evils attendant upon capital punishment had struck him forcibly, as is recorded in his *Journal*, in the year 1816. Within two years of that date, his sister, Mrs. Fry, began her labours as a Christian heroine, by appearing before a Committee of the House of Commons as the advocate of penitentiary reformation; and, at the same time, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton made his first effort in the same career by publishing his work on ‘*Prison Discipline*.’ In 1819, Mr. Gurney published his own ‘*First Book*,’—notes of a visit made to some of the prisons of Scotland and the North of England, in



company with Elizabeth Fry, with general remarks on prison discipline. At this period he 'was much interested, at Yarmouth, by a mantua-maker, who gave up the time and earnings of one day in every week in order to visit the wretched prisons of that place. She has surmounted,' he says, 'many difficulties, and has produced great effects.'—(Ib. p. 161, 1819.) Thus early did he appreciate the merits of SARAH MARTIN, who, by her own efforts and experience, solved the two most difficult penitentiary problems. She practically, and upon a considerable scale, comforted, taught, and reformed the prisoner within the prison; and what is to them just as important, she helped them effectually to find honest employment at home when discharged. Her example, with that of the magistrates of Durham, and others which abound throughout the country, show what may be done towards settling the chief difficulties in the way of penitentiary reform.

Joseph John Gurney never ceased to follow his early, excellent views, in aid of the efforts of his sister, Elizabeth Fry, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, and Sir James Mackintosh, for the improvement of the criminal law in all branches. As a banker, he was a powerful advocate in favour of making the punishment of forgery more mild; and, in particular cases, he was an unwearied, and sometimes successful, intercessor, for the mitigation of sentences of death.

His friendships are among the most valuable subjects of this record of a good man's life. His excellent tutors had his early attachment; and his near relatives shared his affectionate respect for the high qualities of intelligence and principle which have placed them among the best of our worthies. Of distinguished persons not related to him, but with whom his intercourse was intimate, the most detailed accounts concern Mrs. Opie, on her becoming a *Friend*,—Wilberforce, and Dr. Chalmers. An original memoir, cited under the title of '*Chalmeriana*,' supplies the following extract. After dining with Dr. Bird Sumner (the present Archbishop of Canterbury), Dr. Chalmers, and others, he tells us:—

'In the evening Joanna Baillie joined our party; and, after the bishop and others were gone, we formed a social circle, of which Chalmers was the centre. The evidences of Christianity became again the topic of conversation. The harmony of Scripture, and the accordance and correspondence of one part with another were, I think, adverted to. This evidence of accordance is one to which Dr. C.'s mind is obviously much alive. He knows how to trace, in the adaptation between one branch of truth and another, and especially between God's religion and man's experience, the master-hand of perfect wisdom and goodness.

‘CHALMERS. “The historical evidences of Christianity are abundantly sufficient to satisfy the scrutinizing researches of the learned; and are within the reach of all well-educated persons. But the internal evidence of the truth lies within the grasp of *every* sincere inquirer. Every man who reads his Bible, and compares what it says of mankind with the records of his own experience; every man who marks the adaptation of its mighty system of doctrine to his own spiritual need as a sinner in the sight of God; is furnished with practical proof of the divine origin of our religion. I love this evidence. It is what I call the *portable evidence of Christianity*.” \* \*

‘When comparatively ignorant and worldly he was called upon by his learned friend, Dr. Brewster, to write the article of Christianity for the ‘Edinburgh Encyclopedia.’ He obeyed the summons, though himself scarcely a believer; and his researches in order to this end, especially the study of Scripture itself, were the means first of convincing his understanding of the truth of religion, and next of impressing his heart with a sense of its unspeakable importance and excellence. In the whole of this process he was doubtless marvellously assisted by that childlike *simplicity* of mind which he recommended to us so beautifully; and which is so marked a feature in his own character. “The meek will he guide in judgment, the meek will he teach his way.” \* \*

‘When our conversation was concluded, my brother, Samuel Hoare, took me with him on the box of his chariot, and drove Dr. Chalmers and his pleasing wife to Wilberforce’s, at Highwood Hall, beyond Hendon. Dr. Chalmers and his lady were engaged to stay some days there; and we were glad of the opportunity of enjoying the company of the *senator emeritus*, together with that of Dr. C., for a few hours. Our morning passed delightfully. Chalmers was, indeed, comparatively silent, as he often is when many persons are collected, and the stream of conversation flowed between ourselves and the ever-lively Wilberforce. I have seldom observed a more amusing and pleasing contrast between two great men than between Wilberforce and Chalmers. Chalmers is stout and erect, with a broad countenance; Wilberforce minute, and singularly twisted; Chalmers, both in body and mind, moves with a delicate step; Wilberforce, infirm as he is in his advanced years, lies about with astonishing activity; and while, with nimble finger, he seizes on everything that adorns or diversifies his path, his mind flits from object to object with unceasing versatility. Chalmers can say a pleasant thing now and then, and laugh when he has said it, and he has a strong touch of humour in his countenance; but in general he is grave—his thoughts grow to a great size before they are uttered: Wilberforce sparkles with life and wit, and the characteristic of his mind is “rapid productiveness.” A man might be in Chalmers’ company for an hour, especially in a party, without knowing who or what he was—though in the end he would be sure to be detected by some unexpected display of powerful originality; Wilberforce, except when fairly asleep, is never latent: Chalmers knows how to veil himself in a decent cloud; Wilberforce is always in sunshine. Seldom, I believe, has any mind been more strung to a perpetual tune of love

and praise. Yet these persons, distinguished as they are from the world at large, and from each other, present some admirable points of resemblance. Both of them are broad thinkers and liberal feelers: both of them are arrayed in humility, meekness, and charity: both appear to hold self in little reputation: above all, both love the Lord Jesus Christ, and reverently acknowledge Him to be their only Saviour.

‘Wilberforce was the son of a wealthy merchant at Hull, and was scarcely more than of age when he was elected member of Parliament for that town. But he was not long to occupy this station, for a higher one awaited him. Immediately after the Hull election, he attended the county election at York; where, to the vast assembly collected in the castle yard, he made a speech on the popular question of the day—Fox’s India Bill. His eloquence, especially in the earlier stages of his course, was, as I understand, of a most animated and diversified character; and his voice sonorous and mellifluous. The speech produced an almost magical effect on the assembled multitude; and under a strong and apparently unanimous impulse, they cried out, “We will have the little man for our member.” In short, though without pretensions from family or fortune to the honour of representing that vast county, he was elected its member by acclamation.

‘Wilberforce was now one of the most popular of men. His fine talents, his amiability, his wit, his gaiety, adapted him for the highest worldly circles in the county. Happily, however, that heavenly Father, whom his pious parents had taught him to love in early life, was preparing for him “better things” than the blandishments of the world, even “things which accompany salvation.” Not long after his election he was travelling through France, in order to visit a sick relation at Nice, in company with his friend, Isaac Milner, afterwards Dean of Carlisle, a person somewhat older and more serious than himself. In the course of their journey they happened to converse about a clergyman in Yorkshire, who, having been impressed with evangelical views, was remarkably devoted to his parochial duties.

‘WILBERFORCE. “That man carries things a great deal too far, *in my opinion.*”

‘MILNER. “Do you think so? I conceive that if you tried him by the standard presented to us in the New Testament, you would change that opinion.”

‘WILBERFORCE. “Indeed, Milner—well, I have no objection to try the experiment. I will read the New Testament with you, if you like, with pleasure.”

‘Important, indeed, were the results of this casual and unexpected conversation. The two friends read the whole of the New Testament together as they journeyed on towards Nice: and this single perusal of the records of inspiration was so blessed to Wilberforce, that he became a new man.’—*Ib.* pp. 409-413.

Mr. Gurney’s appreciation of the virtues of individuals among his own people—the Friends—will be traced with great interest in the extensive intercourse which the controlling plan of Quakerism occasions between its members. For a church



without a stated ministry, this body is under a system of internal supervision beyond all others ; and besides the examples here held up to reverence, this practical supervision brings forward some remarkable cases of severe discipline and *excommunication*.

The *deliberative* character of the philanthropic works of the Friends is curiously illustrated in these memoirs, in which the thread of such works may be followed for many years. Upon a special topic of great difficulty, which has much occupied public attention during the last quarter of a century, without yet producing satisfactory results—the treatment of the aborigines of the colonies,—there is an early entry in Mr. Gurney's Journal, showing that the Society of Friends had formally considered the case, and resolved to make efforts for the relief of the sufferers. This was independently of the question of Negro emancipation, and the resolution to contribute largely to the great exertions of Sir Fowell Buxton in the same field of philanthropy. Individual Friends, such as Daniel Wheeler and the Backhouses, obtained the unanimous approval of successive 'meetings' to their 'missions' to the Eastern Colonies and the South Seas. A similar sanction is recorded in 1832, as given to the philanthropic visit of John and Martha Yeardley to Greece and the islands of the Archipelago. Hannah Kilham had previously devoted her life to the cause of the negroes in West Africa with the warm sympathy of her society ; as at a much earlier date, the 17th century, Mary Fisher had carried out, with success, a bold resolution to visit the Grand Signior in his camp on the Danube, in order to bring him Christian tidings for his good !

The same deliberative spirit prevails on all grave occasions. Even the quasi-missionary travels of Joseph John Gurney to America were not undertaken without the formal approbation of the religious body of which he was a member. Under such auspices, his life was literally spent 'in going about doing good.' Besides frequent visits to Friends in his ministry in various countries, he made a special visit of philanthropy to Ireland with Mrs. Fry. The result was an able memoir upon the measures wanted to regenerate that country, which has lately received high praise from the ablest Irish authorities. He also visited Scotland for a *penitentiary* object ; and more than once passed some time on the Continent to inspect the benevolent establishments of France, Germany, and Holland.

His voyage to the West Indies was one of the most important of these excursions ; and its result was a decided conviction of the benefit of Negro emancipation.

The object of his visit to America, to promote unity among the Friends by ministerial appeals to all the members of the Society, respecting doctrinal schism, which had become threat-

ening, met with more reluctant assent, which accounts for some painful passages in his Journal. Indeed, the controversial character of some of his labours brings under review a deplorable schism, which long divided the Friends, but which, unlike some other religious differences, although ending in some secessions, has left, we are assured, no bitterness behind.

For twenty years Mr. Gurney had contemplated a visit to America in the cause of the Society. So early as 1814, a minister of the Friends from the United States, followed by a colleague, had been formally disavowed by the *Yearly Meeting*,—the one for discrediting the writings of the Old Testament, the other for promulgating unitarian doctrines. Towards 1826 and 1828, a separation took place from the main body in five out of the eight of the American Yearly Meetings, under the influence of Elias Hicks. They had been led on, step by step, to the same results.

To one of Joseph John Gurney's 'cast of mind,' it was a source of unhappiness without compensation to be engaged in controversy with any member of his Society. The elements of such controversy had, however, long existed in its bosom—largely in England,—more extensively in America.

'There were,' says Mr. Braithwaite, 'some members of the body who, whilst distinguished for their warm attachment to those views of the spirituality of the Gospel, which had led the early Friends to the disuse of all outward rites and ceremonies in the worship of God, and to press home to the consciences of men the practical operations of the Holy Spirit upon the heart; were yet, perhaps, hardly enough alive to the importance of keeping steadily in view the great and glorious truths of the incarnation of the Son of God, and of the necessity and efficacy of his atoning sacrifice upon the cross. These were not indeed disbelieved, but they had evidently not occupied so large a share in their meditations, as some other portions of divine truth. Others there were who, though brought up with great strictness in the habits and usages of the society, had not imbibed in their earlier years an extended knowledge of scriptural truth, and who, after leading a regular and blameless life among their fellow-men, had, in their middle or declining age, been, for the first time, awakened to the full conviction that their salvation wholly depended on the free and unmerited mercy of God in Christ Jesus. This was indeed a new light to their souls, and, under the painful consciousness that they were dark before, they were too ready, perhaps, to reject all their former experiences; too ready to think that all their brethren were precisely in the same condition as they had been in; too ready to make this one precious doctrine the entire sum of their Christianity.'—Vol. ii. pp. 12, 13.

A grave incident in the annals of the Society brought on a serious crisis. In 1829, a solemn declaration of its principles had been made in expectation of staying the spread of differences already broken out in America. Between the divergent sections

of the body, Mr. Gurney sought to steer a middle course, on which his biographer enlarges with commendable fidelity. After stating the case at large, he thus sums up its more serious conclusion.

“Such was the state of Joseph John Gurney’s feelings when, towards the conclusion of his ministerial labours in London, the conflict of opinion amongst Friends in this country was brought to a crisis by the publication of the ‘Beacon,’ in the beginning of the year 1835. The late Isaac Crewdson, of Manchester, the author of this work, was a man greatly esteemed and beloved by a large circle, and was then in the station of an acknowledged minister. He had been brought up in all the strictness of an external Quakerism, and had early imbibed a strong attachment to its usages; but it was not until towards middle life that evangelical truth dawned upon his mind. “I remember,” says Joseph John Gurney in his Autobiography, “telling my friend Isaac Crewdson, nearly three years before the publication of the ‘Beacon,’ that he and I had started in our race from opposite points, had met, and crossed on the road.”

“‘This publication consisted,’ to adopt Joseph John Gurney’s description, “of a running commentary on various passages in the sermons of the late Elias Hicks, of North America, who had been disowned by Friends in that country; and, with proof, drawn from Scripture, of this preacher’s perversions and delusions, are mixed up many painful inuendos, trenching, in various degrees, on our well known views of the spirituality of the Gospel of Christ. Indeed, it is my deliberate judgment, that the work, professing as it does to defend sound Christianity, has an undeniable tendency to undermine the precious doctrine of the immediate teaching, guidance, and government of the Holy Spirit. Calculated as it was to disparage the character of the society, it was forced upon the attention of the public by placards and advertisements of various kinds; and was the means of bringing down upon us a shower of offensive weapons, in reviews and other publications, from our evangelical fellow-Christians. The society was, in no common degree, held up to scorn and reproof; the common butt of many, who were destitute of any correct knowledge of our principles.”’  
—Ib. pp. 15, 16.

During more than ten years of these distressing agitations, Mr. Gurney, of all the members of the Society of Friends, perhaps suffered the most acutely under the trial of the hour, and from apprehension of the possible issue of that trial. During this whole period he was deeply impressed with the conviction that he might by suitable efforts bring peace to his people, by testifying personally and plainly to what he believed to be truth. Himself a Friend from conviction, even more than from early instruction, he never shrank from the duty of giving a reason for his faith. This was seen at a later period of life in his answer to the question of the ‘Christian Observer,’ ‘What is Quakerism?’—to which he adverts in his journal of April, 1845.

In the next year he had an opportunity, which he eagerly



seized, to draw up a declaration of 'his faith in the Holy Scriptures, in the immediate and perceptible operation of the Spirit, the doctrine of the mediatorial justification of the penitent, and in that of the Trinity,'—all of which he avers had always been maintained by the Society of Friends (vol. ii. p. 235). His visit of three years to the United States was undertaken in the hope of healing very serious differences on these and other points of doctrine and discipline. He entered on it most deliberately, and with all the apprehensions which pertain to minds of extreme sensibility. Indications occur to this effect in his journal, not to be read without the greatest pain. The brave spirit, urged almost perhaps beyond its strength by the purest motives, to buffet with contrariety of opinions, had resolved to appeal in person to the members of the Society in the hope to bring back those he held to be erring to the common fold. A degree of nervous infirmity, seldom experienced, was here joined to an indomitable resolution to act up to his sense of right, and was near overpowering it. In the distraction of mind, not unapt to be occasioned by the terrors of the ocean, added to the sinking of heart that might well attend a mission to charge dangerous error upon his brethren, a flitting thought of despair crossed even the benevolent Joseph John Gurney. On the voyage to America he one day expresses himself thus:—'We have had adverse winds; dead calm; fair wind for a season, and now somewhat the contrary again. How incontrollable is this moving power by any human being. . . . My condition is one of much lowness, for the enemy had been beating against me within, with many a stormy, restless wave; so that the suggestion arose, am I a Jonah, to stay the vessel on its course? This temptation, however, left me, after a very interesting meeting in the large dark hold of the vessel, with the steerage passengers before they retired to rest.'

He discharged his mission, as might have been expected, exemplarily; what he effected, even on minor points, will be told in his own words:—

'I think,' he says, as a narrative to his children, 'my visit has been the means, through mercy, of leading many, especially of the young, to clearer views of the religion of the New Testament, and to a firmer and more intelligent attachment to the principles of our own society, than they had ever felt before. So far from having at all unsettled their Quakerism, my ministry has been the means, under the divine blessing, of inducing many of them, especially of the young men, to renounce the habits of the world, and, as a token of their allegiance to the Saviour, to adopt the plain dress and language, which unquestionably become our Christian profession.'—Ib. p. 223.

The Society in America solemnly declared their approval of his course. Nevertheless, after his return, warm discussions were

kept up respecting his exposition of his religious views. In reference to charges against him on this subject, in 1845, he expressed his readiness to submit his writings to the judgment of the constituted authorities of the Society. He passed the ordeal unharmed; but opponents were not wanting to embitter the latter years of one whose whole life was spent in efforts to know the truth himself, and to conciliate them by earnest and affectionate appeals. The character of the man was, indeed, in an extraordinary degree, a guarantee of the innocence of the disputant. So mild and benevolent was his nature, that he was incapable of coldly reproving an erring child; and his own obvious and intense pain when the fault of such an one was perceived, proved the child's severest punishment. This part of his character is beautifully set forth in his daughter's 'Recollections' of him annexed to the Memoirs.

How nearly his candour approaches to perfection is demonstrated by his journal; every thought is here curiously analysed, and every action told in its minutest circumstances. It is another admirable trait in this good man's character that he has no respect of persons. The humblest have his sympathy and his personal attentions—as his just sense of good breeding made him appreciated by the more refined, and acceptable to the highest, members of society. His generosity knew no bounds; and in perusing his curious reflections upon his own splendid fortune, with his doubts whether to be so rich was consistent with his Christian calling, it is impossible not to feel that the good use of riches sanctifies their diligent, *honourable* acquisition, dangerous as their abuse is to the individual, and injurious as that abuse is to society at large.

That such a man should have passed away honoured by all, will surprise none. The words of his long esteemed friend, the Rev. John Alexander, of Norwich, in his 'Brief Memoir,' leave nothing to be added:—

'His death, 4th January, 1847, in his 59th year, has furnished,' says Mr. Alexander, 'the principal topic of conversation in every family, in every private circle, in every group by the way-side. Persons of all classes and of every age, however various in opinion on other subjects, have united in their high estimate of the character of the deceased, and in the melancholy satisfaction of recalling excellences of which now, alas! the memory alone remains. Each individual has had his own story to tell of some public benefit, or of some kindness shown to others or himself; and innumerable acts of beneficence, long forgotten amidst the crowd of more recent instances, have been related and listened to with the mournful pleasure incident to such a theme. The very street gossip of Norwich during the past week, if it could have been collected and recorded, would doubtless furnish an almost unparalleled tribute to departed worth.'

'The funeral itself, as might have been expected from these unusual preliminaries, was an extraordinary scene. The entire city suspended business, in order to witness or to take part in it.'—*Ib.* pp. 516-518.

Mr. Braithwaite's volumes are ably written, and they are a valuable addition to a branch of our literature—the *biographies* of the Friends—on which they who are best acquainted with the productions of the British press in the last two centuries set a high value. The patriarchal hospitality of the Earldham family; the affectionate intercourse of its eminent members with each other; the unwearied versatility of Joseph John Gurney's philanthropy, are here well displayed. It may be hoped that future editions of the work will be still more enriched from his remaining journals and correspondence, of which what is produced gives large promise.

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ART. V.—*Publications of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland.* First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Books of Lessons. With their Sequels. 1852-3. Dublin.

2. *Books and Maps.* Explanatory Circular. London: Privy Council Office, Downing-street.
3. *The Illustrated London Spelling Book.* London: Cooke.
4. *Cassell's Illustrated Spelling and Reading Book.* London.
5. *The Illustrated London Reading Book.* London: Cooke.
6. *The Illustrated London Instructor.* London: Cooke.
7. *The Illustrated London Drawing Book.* London: Cooke.
8. *First Lessons in Arithmetic.* By Hugo Reid. London: Cooke.
9. *The Illustrated London Astronomy.* By J. R. Hind. London: Cooke.
10. *Elements of Experimental and Natural Philosophy.* By Jabez Hogg. London: Cooke.
11. *Electric Science; its History, Phenomena, and Applications.* By F. C. Bakewell. London: Cooke.
12. *Mechanics and Mechanism.* By R. S. Burn. London: Cooke.
13. *The Illustrated London Geography.* By Joseph Guy. London: Cooke.

WE have selected the two packets, of which the above are the titles, because they may be fairly taken as representatives of the apparatus furnished by educational protectionists and freetraders. If it were required that the merits of the antagonist systems should be decided by their respective fruits, we might safely undertake to secure a verdict in favour of the dogma that the



people of this country could manage the business of education better and cheaper without the control of government than with it. Our present object, however, is not to discuss this *questio vexata*, to do justice to which would require the analysis of those educational returns which have just seen the light, and the great political question of the right of government to undertake the duties of the public educator; and then again the expediency of conceding that function, while its right is not admitted. We shall accomplish our present purpose if, by comparing the book-selling of the government with that of the private trader, we can establish the conviction that the trade of the bibliopole is not one which the government ought to assume.

It might be fairly demanded that a government which has large parliamentary grants at its command, and is able to buy the services of men who excel in the work of providing instruction for the young, and able also to subsidize the paper manufacturer, the printer, and the binder, should furnish elementary works, such as would delight the hearts of the pupils for whom they were prepared, and make them vociferous for more books; such as would relieve the anxious teacher of half his toils by the facilities furnished to him for securing attention and aiding progress; and such as would assist those of riper years to supplement the deficiencies of their youth by new and more direct paths to knowledge than had been previously traced. If a government does not produce such things as had never been seen before for sterling worth, for execution both intellectual and material, we should not rudely say the sooner it shut up shop the better; but we submit that it would be good policy to relinquish the charge of getting up spelling books and all educational works, from the annoyance of finding that it has not done its work to the public satisfaction.

Now, it must be affirmed that this work of preparing school books, like too many other government works, has not been done well, if these books before us are those by which the skill of government as an author, and the mercantile abilities of government as a publisher, are to be tested. Here are the right royal books, 'Published by the direction of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland.' Not in outward appearance, indeed, are they royal, being clothed in a most forbidding dress of brown linen, purposely to announce that they are meant for the poor, and are likely to be somewhat roughly handled. There is a workhouse look about them which speaks of national charity in a way which is anything but politic, if it be really wise to make the books of the young, whether poor or rich, attractive in the exterior as well as within. We have often witnessed the delight with which a child has gazed on an attractively bound

book, and the eagerness with which the prize has been seized, a perfect assurance being felt that the contents must be good when the cover was so bright ; and we have thought that in a world where first impressions have so lasting an influence, it is the part of wisdom to keep the fact in mind when providing books which we wish our little ones to love and read. The government—at least, the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland—do not seem to patronize our theory ; or it may be that they have a conscience in the matter, and are unwilling to excite expectations which they are not prepared to gratify : for in their interior these books are as unattractive as inferiority of paper, coarseness of type, and poverty of illustration, can very well make them. The illustrations are often inapt, and, even where useful, are anything but attractive. A travestied ‘God save the Queen’ is adorned with a medallion by no means calculated to stimulate the loyalty of her Majesty’s subjects who have happily, since the appearance of this ‘Sequel No. II.’ been furnished with the means of correcting their impressions by a sight of the original. If it be true that eight shillings must be expended on these miserable productions before the pupil can become master of his reading book, there will be considerable difficulty in refuting the statement that ‘the maximum of the funds granted for the purpose of educating the people have, in fact, been appropriated to the payment of official salaries and extravagant and uncalled-for expenses, while the minimum has been doled out in supplying infinitesimal portions of elementary instruction, at a price far exceeding the value of the article produced.’

We do not, of course, intend to affirm that the books of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland are unfitted to convey to the learner a great amount of valuable information. We affirm enough when we say that, considering the resources which the Commissioners had at their command, their books should have been the most attractive school books that could be produced, and that their solid worth should have corresponded with the exterior ; instead of which they have no claim to take rank among the best productions of their class. The ordinary subjects treated in educational books are set forth in a manner by no means remarkable or striking, and not always free from the provincialisms which the English government, when it undertakes the duties of the schoolmaster, should most carefully avoid. There is, however, no want of those lessons which may be expected always to form a part of the teachings in government schools, and of whose tendency to inculcate a spirit of honest independence our readers will be able to judge by the following passage from one of the ‘Books of Lessons’ :—

'The government, that is, those who govern in the Queen's name, get leave of the parliament, that is, the gentlemen who are chosen to overlook the government and watch over the concerns of the people, to set apart a sum of money for building schools, paying teachers, and other expenses belonging to them. But the number of schools required is so great, that this money would not be sufficient, unless *the gentry* gave their help towards it; and a number of them do give ground and pay part of the expenses when they find that a school is wanted in their neighbourhood. So you see, that there are very many persons in your country and in England who are kind and care for you.'

We presume that very few of our readers will set a high price on instructions of this character, whose direct tendency is to destroy the feeling of self-dependence and to cherish that servile awe of 'the gentry' which is unduly developed in many parts of Ireland, whatever may be the deficiency of the organs of veneration for the government and for 'the gentlemen who are chosen to overlook the government,' which is, *en passant*, a somewhat novel description of our burgesses and knights of the shire in the House of Commons.

Without any purpose of being severely critical on the contents of these government books, we cannot peruse them, even cursorily, without finding lessons which, to say the least, are likely to produce erroneous impressions on the mind of a child. To our thinking, it is better for a teacher to talk to his pupils about the sun, than to engage the sun to talk to them, which is decidedly not in his line, beautiful and glorious as he is. But the sun talks in the Irish national schools, and 'the sun says my name is Sun, I am very bright. (Q. Can the writer say as much?) I look in at your window with my *bright golden eye*, and tell you when it is time to get up. I never stop, and I am never tired. (Q. Is this not *teaching* a popular error which ought to be corrected?) Sometimes I take off my crown of bright rays, and wrap up my head in their silvery clouds, and then you may look at me. I am the most beautiful and glorious creature that can be seen in the whole world.' The tendency of this method of teaching is to keep the child childish, instead of leading his mind out into the paths of truth, and up towards intellectual manhood, as becomes a paternal government.

Without being hypercritical, we may be allowed to wish that readings in history furnished by government commissioners were unexceptionable on the score of accuracy and completeness, of which qualities there is here a deficiency. Take, for example, the following passage from the 'Story of Columbus,' in concluding the history of whose return from his first voyage, the writer says:—



'The news of the arrival of Columbus, and of the discovery he had made, filled the people with joy and wonder. The bells were rung, all the shops closed, and the people flocked in crowds to the harbour to see Columbus land. The sight was, indeed, remarkable, First walked Columbus, followed by some of his crew carrying beautiful parrots, cotton, and various other plants and animals which they had brought from the New World. Then came the most curious sight of all—six natives of Cuba, who were painted after the manner of their country. The streets were so thronged that the sailors could hardly get along, while the shouts of joy and welcome were so loud as to be quite deafening. Columbus, occupied with his own thoughts, walked along in silence. In the midst of all this rejoicing, he could not but remember the time when he first arrived at *this very town*, with his little son upon his back, and had been obliged to beg his bread.'

In no part of the narrative is the young reader told the name of 'this very town' from which Columbus set sail, and through which he is described as walking in procession with the natives of Cuba and his other trophies. It would have been well to name the port of *Palos* as that from which the great discoverer set sail, and to which he is described as having returned, but which is not once mentioned in this story; and, at the same time, it should have been mentioned that the procession of which the six natives of Cuba formed a part took place in *Barcelona*, which was then the residence of Ferdinand and Isabella.

There is a difficulty when a government turns author in giving a faithful description of any other people, whether it be favourable or otherwise, as the relation which may dispose to plain speaking at one time may make some degree of reserve desirable at another. In a Lesson (XVII.) on Turkey, in the Fourth Book, the Irish pupil is told that the 'Turks have, at Constantinople, one of the finest harbours in the world, but that they make very little use of it in the way of commerce, for they are a proud, indolent people, who hate trouble, and like to spend their days in lounging about, smoking long pipes, and drinking coffee.' Is it wise thus to describe the ally whose battle we have undertaken to fight? We are told that 'their sovereign is called a *Sultan*, which is the *Eastern* name for a king,'—this is instructive to the Irish reader, as well as to others.

We would not speak disparagingly of these productions, or multiply instances of their imperfectness; but enough has been said to prove that their character is not such as to justify the expectation of any improvement in school literature by its transfer into the hands of government.

Putting this homely-looking package aside, we turn with much pleasure to the handsome productions of the *free-trade* press, which are very inviting to the eye, and, as we hope to convince our readers, quite as good as they look.

It requires very nice discrimination to decide the rival claims of 'Cassell's Illustrated Spelling Book' and the 'Illustrated London Spelling Book.' They are equal in size, price, and beauty, being filled with interesting woodcuts, the productions of clever artists, contrasting remarkably with the Dyches and the Dilworths of former years, who depicted so coarsely the doings of Jones, Brown, and Robinson. Either of these first-books, while conducting the learner from his A, B, C, through his spelling and reading lessons, admirably intermixed and progressive, would serve the purpose of generating a taste and love of art in any child of moderate talent. It would perhaps be difficult to furnish a more striking instance of the progress of wood engraving, and of its beneficial application, than we obtain by comparing these elementary school books with those in ordinary use at the beginning of this century.

'The Illustrated London Instructor' is intended to occupy the place of the 'Speaker' of other days, and is in many respects superior to the Enfield of our boyhood; and being a two-shilling book, containing two hundred and sixty-four pages, well selected from recent and older authors, and illustrated with numerous well-executed engravings, it realizes the intention of the publishers to make it the best and cheapest of its class. After the Preliminary Essay on the Arts of Elocution and Composition, compiled principally from Blair, there is a rich collection of moral and miscellaneous essays, historical and biographical readings, specimens of ancient eloquence, of dramatic and poetical pieces, and readings in natural history. With the hand of an expert gleaner, the editor has added to the standard pieces of our language most valuable extracts from Professor Wilson, Hugh Millar, Charles Dickens, Lord Jeffrey, Disraeli, Campbell, Byron, Tennyson, Mackay, Ebenezer Elliot, Longfellow, and many other of our best modern writers.

Under the title of 'Mechanics and Mechanism' we have a book which will afford the school-boy a general view of the mechanical powers and their combinations in modern inventions, drawn up in such a manner as to interest, and to prepare him for mechanical studies, if he have a mind adapted to them; or should he have no such taste, still to make him an intelligent observer of mechanical arrangements when they come under his notice. The book, of course, is not intended to guide the practical mechanic in his work; but it gives such an insight into the general principles of construction, and the methods by which movements are produced, as must be of great service to him at the beginning of his course; while, to the general student, a large amount of most valuable information is conveyed, in a condensed form, indeed, but with amplitude sufficient to acquaint

him with the great triumphs of mechanical art. The work does not profess any other than a popular character, and proceeds on the principle of giving only practical arrangements and their results. It may be as well to allow the author, Mr. Robert Scott Burn, to explain in his own words the method he has followed:—

‘Supposing a pupil desirous of becoming acquainted with the arrangement by which the rectilinear motion of a steam-engine piston-rod was changed into the circular one of the fly-wheel, we proceed to explain in the first instance how this change is produced; but we proceed a step further, and instead of giving a theoretical exercise, or entering into an exposition of the nature of the acting force at various points of the revolution of the crank, or the estimated loss entailed by its use, we suppose the pupil, actuated by a still greater degree of curiosity, desirous of going deeper into the details of this movement. Thus he will at once perceive from our explanation how pieces of thin iron wire may produce the desired movement, but this would not explain the method by which mechanics in actual practice avail themselves of the principle. We consider the gratification of this curiosity essential, and proceed, therefore, to explain how a crank is actually made, what is its form, how it is fixed in the shaft, what constitutes a connecting rod, how it is constructed, how connected with the crank, in short, the arrangements of the various parts, and how fitted together, as exemplified in actual working machinery.’

Dr. Johnson would have us read geometry not so much to make us mathematicians as reasonable beings. In this age of applied sciences there is a greater necessity than in the times of the great moralist for some acquaintance with geometry, not, indeed, with its recondite truths, but with its more prominent features. ‘There is no royal road to mathematics.’ He that would learn all that Euclid had to teach must read all that Euclid wrote, and follow all his demonstrations. Still it is possible to prepare the mind to understand the bases of popular science, of perspective, of architecture, of engineering, civil and military, and geography and astronomy, without working through the whole of Euclid; and for the general reader it is not altogether true in reference to geometry that

‘A little learning is a dangerous thing.’

On the other hand, it has been considered very desirable that we should have books containing only as much of geometry as forms the groundwork of physical science in its more popular forms. Several such works have been prepared, but for size, price, and practical value, we have neither seen nor heard of anything equal to ‘The Illustrated London Practical Geometry, for the use of Schools and Students,’ by Mr. Robert Scott Burn. We should have regarded such a book with intense delight had



it formed part of the contents of our school-boy satchel. The ample supply of diagrams leading on to the elements of architectural drawing would have made us anxious to leave the starting point, and make our way by a smooth, pleasant, and rapid course onward into the midst of those arches, elliptical, lancet, circular, Norman and Saxon, which, by the time he reaches the close of the volume, the careful student will be able to describe. In addition to the advantage which this practical geometry is fitted to confer on the reasoning powers of the young, and the knowledge it will afford them of the principles of form, we can strongly recommend it to a large class of adults who suffer from painful consciousness of defective education, and who are not yet too old to learn if they had skilful guidance. To many general and extensive readers, such terms as asymptote, hyperbola, ordinate, parabola, rhombus, and cycloid, serve no other purpose than to convey a sense of defective education, and are barriers rather than aids to thought. We recommend such as are anxious to overcome these difficulties to obtain the volume before us, and to try the effect of devoting to its study the evenings of a single week with the aid of a drawing board, a drawing square, a parallel ruler, two or three pairs of compasses, a drawing pen, some cartridge paper and pencils, and with very little oral instruction, even without any, they will find themselves making encouraging progress. They will rapidly clear away the difficulties formerly encountered, and, besides the positive information obtained, will materially increase their mental vigour and strengthen their powers of application and reasoning. We must add, by way of caution, that no difficulty must be left unconquered, as, indeed, there need not, if there be only a fair share of patience and perseverance.

The 'Illustrated London Astronomy' is the production of Mr. Hind, whose name is inseparably connected with this science. This gentleman, the well-known superintendent of Mr. Bishop's Observatory, Regent's Park, has acquired the highest distinction as a planet finder. Out of the twenty-five small planets discovered from the commencement of this century, down to April 6th, 1853, he had the honour of claiming the first acquaintance with eight, so that one-third of the group of minor planets has been discovered in England, and all the English planets have been introduced by Mr. Hind. There is a very interesting hypothesis connected with these little orbs which we must accept Mr. Hind's assistance in setting forth.

Towards the end of the last century, Professor Bode, of Berlin, had pointed out a singular relation between the mean distances of planets then known, including Uranus, from which it was conjectured that a planet probably existed between Mars and Jupiter, and it was mainly

owing to the strong impression created among astronomers by the publication of Bode's relation of distances, that a plan of searching out the latent body was devised and speedily put in execution. This so called "law" has consequently acquired great celebrity, but has failed particularly, at least, in the case of Neptune, which was unknown to Bode. In its most simple form it is expressed as follows:—

'To the numbers 0, 3, 6, 12, 24, 48, 96, 102 (in which series, it will be observed, each number after the second is double the preceding one) add the number 4 in succession, the sums will represent, approximately, the rival mean distances of the planets, including Uranus, that of the earth being 10: thus

'Adding 4 to	0	the sum is	4,	nearly the distance of	Mercury.
" 4 to	3	"	7,	"	Venus.
" 4 to	6	"	10,	which is	The Earth.
" 4 to	12	"	16,	nearly	Mars.
" 4 to	24	"	28		
" 4 to	48	"	52,	"	Jupiter.
" 4 to	96	"	100,	"	Saturn.
" 4 to	192	"	196,	"	Uranus.

'This relation indicates a planet between Mars and Jupiter, at a mean distance from the sun of about 28; and it is curious enough that Ceres, the first of the new planets in order of discovery, was found to be situated almost precisely at this distance.

'The subsequent discovery of Pallas and Juno, in the same region, led Dr. Olbers to suspect that these small planets are in fact part of a much larger one, which moved at a remoter period near the same mean distance, but by some great convulsion had been shattered in fragments; this idea has received considerable weight from the more recent discovery of so many small bodies belonging to the same group, and the mutual intersection of their orbits in about  $180^\circ$  of longitude, or in their sign Virgo, which has induced some astronomers to think that a great planet may have met with some fearful catastrophe in that part of space.

'It is not by any means improbable that in course of time mathematicians may arrive at some direct and general conclusion deserving of confidence with regard to the origin and past condition of the minor planets.'

We ought, perhaps, here to state, on the authority of M. Leverrier, that the opinion is becoming more general that these anomalous planets do not owe their existence to the cause thus assigned, but were regularly formed like other planets, and follow the same laws. There will probably be some further discoveries before the configuration of the groups can be ascertained, and the controversy respecting them resolved into a standard astronomical truth.

For the use of intelligent youths, whether at school, or after they have left it, 'The Elements of Experimental and National Philosophy' would prove invaluable, fully justifying its claim

to be a familiar and easy introduction to the study of the physical sciences. This volume is a literary phenomenon, in which a very limited acquaintance with the history of books will enable the observer to mark the extraordinary progress made in practical science during the last twenty years; and, during a much shorter period, in publishing and placing them within the reach of the many. Those who are acquainted with Dr. Arnott's 'Elements of Physics' are aware of the beautiful and fascinating manner in which the physical sciences are treated by one who was so well qualified to be their historian. That work was published at a time when it could not be produced on terms which suited the pockets of the million; it is now out of print, and if it were to be republished, so rapidly has practical science advanced since its appearance, that it would be a record of the past instead of a picture of the present. By the permission of Dr. Arnott,\* of whose generosity to the public too much cannot be said, Mr. Jacob Hogg, the author of the 'Elements,' has made much use of his invaluable work, and, aided by other kind assistance to his own diligent labours, the author has produced a book, of which he properly says, 'the subjects are as interestingly exciting as a powerfully drawn romance,' and we must in justice add that the treatment is worthy of the theme. The volume (a four shilling book of 357 pages) treats with admirable clearness and beauty of the leading principles, and most important and recent facts of animal mechanics, pneumatics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, acoustics, optics, caloric, electricity, voltaism, and magnetism, while the descriptions are well illustrated throughout with upwards of three hundred woodcuts.

The author has evidently made it his study to assist his reader to a scientific acquaintance with the great discoveries of physical science, with their practical applications, and especially with the 'tools of science,' which are faithfully described. It would not be practicable to give in our limited space an adequate view of

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\* Dr. Arnott, who has already made the public his debtor by his celebrated stove and water-bed, has increased his claim on our gratitude by the invention of his new Smoke Consuming and Fuel Saving Apparatus. English people, whose virtue it is that they will not give up their 'firesides' for continental stoves, have to thank this gentleman for showing them how to keep their open fires, and yet economize the heat they produce instead of sending it up the chimney. This apparatus will give an equal temperature throughout the room in which it is placed, save one-third of the fuel now required, and, if the people of London should generally adopt it, would get rid of the 'home-made cloud' impending over them, and assist to render the air of the Metropolis as fresh as if this were the place of which Shakspeare says, 'the heaven's breath, smells woongly here.' The apparatus is described in the 'Journal of the Society of Arts,' for May 12, 1854. It would be patriotic to assist in promoting its adoption in all our cities and large towns.



the rich contents with which this volume is filled, and from which we miss none of the facts and illustrations which it should present. As a specimen we quote a paragraph from the conclusion, in which the writer says,—

‘We must notice another triumph achieved by a mind devoted to scientific investigation, and that is, the measurement of the duration of an electrical spark, and of the rate of its passage along a wire, by Professor Wheatstone. By an ingeniously contrived apparatus he proved that the duration of a spark never exceeds a millionth part of a second, and that its velocity along a wire is 288,000 miles in a second. The learned Professor, to illustrate that by this transient light an object in rapid motion might be viewed as if at rest, had a circular disc divided into three compartments, on which he painted the three primitive colours, red, blue, and yellow. This he caused to revolve with great velocity until the three colours appeared nearly white. He next darkened the room, and threw the light of an electric spark on the disc, when the spectators saw the colours as if the disc were at perfect rest. This gave an idea to Mr. Talbot in improving the value of the photographic process. He produced an extremely sensitive prepared piece of paper, and in January, 1851, at the Royal Institution, placed it in a camera directed to a printed paper fixed on a wheel. The wheel was turned by a handle until the greatest velocity was attained that could be given to it. The camera was then opened, and a powerful electric battery was discharged in front of the wheel, illuminating it with a sudden flash of brilliant light. The paper was then taken out of the camera, and after applying the developing solution, a distinct image of the printed words was found beautifully impressed on the paper. Thus, then, the last convulsive strain of the Flying Childers at a winning post may be caught as it truly existed; or an express train, moving at a rate beyond muscular powers in an animal, or more speedy than the wings of the wind, may be transferred to a photographic plate as if it were at rest; for the utmost speed that can be given by man is but rest in comparison to the flight of electricity.’

Well does the writer add, ‘What after this is the most brilliant conception of the human mind in the region of the imagination? True demonstrable poetry exists in the world of science,’—and into that world of science our studious youth may be conducted by an intelligent guide if they will allow the writer of this valuable book to take them by the hand.

The comparison we have now instituted will, perhaps, be considered sufficient to justify the position which was laid down at the commencement of this article—that *in the matter of school literature* THE FREE TRADE PRINCIPLE works better than that of government protection. It is not only an injury to independent traders, but an act of injustice to the public to employ the funds of the national exchequer either for making or publishing school books. We make no invidious comparison between the

volumes we have now passed rapidly under review, and the many excellent educational books which appear in the schedules published by the Committee of Council on Education. On referring to those schedules we observe that none of the admirable publications we have noticed appear in the list favoured with the approval of the Committee of Council, while, on the other hand, we find that a discount of 43 per cent. is allowed in favour of all 'books, text books, and maps,' which enjoy the sanction of that body. By this partiality the free trade principle in school literature is most seriously damaged, and an evil is perpetuated not much inferior in magnitude to the popular ignorance which the government in its own way has undertaken to remove.

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ART. VI.—*Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. With Illustrations. Two Volumes. Post 8vo. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

THESE volumes are sure to be extensively read. The name of Mrs. Stowe guarantees this. The unprecedented popularity of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' has rendered it familiar to all classes of our countrymen, and has naturally awakened an intense desire to know all that can be learnt respecting the author. The extraordinary qualities of that work have commanded universal admiration. Its circulation has partaken of the rapidity of the nineteenth century. From the palace to the cottage, from the Queen to her poorest subject, it has become a cherished treasure; and the deep emotions it has enkindled, while partaking of the fervor of passion, have the endurance of strong conviction. The sensation created by this work is wholly unprecedented, and stands out as one of the distinctive features of our day. When, therefore, it was first announced that Mrs. Stowe was engaged in the preparation of a work descriptive of her visit to 'the old country,' few readers failed to anticipate intense pleasure in its perusal. This feeling will not be disappointed. We have read the volumes before us with more than ordinary satisfaction. They are very much what we anticipated, and we can honestly and warmly recommend them to our readers. The title is appropriate. It accurately describes the general hue and coloring of the work, nor can we see any valid reason why a more shaded narrative should have been given. We regret that some of our contemporaries have indulged in splenetic, and as it appears to us, most uncandid criticisms, on the temper of the work. Mrs. Stowe,

we are told, 'came to England over a heaving sea of rose-water; wherever she turned she beheld pleasant faces; to her eye the air was full of light. The blackest cloud turned towards her its silver edge. The verdure wore its brightest green, the sunshine kindled with its richest fires at her approach.' If such were the case—and we are not disposed to question the general correctness of the picture—why should not the narrative partake of a more pleasing and joyous hue than is common to such works? To speak of her returning laudation for laudation is to insinuate a charge for which no valid ground is furnished. Surely we have had enough of the censorious and cynical on both sides of the Atlantic, to induce us to tolerate one signal example of an opposite character. England and America have been too frequently caricatured to dispose us to censure an honest and hearty attempt to do justice to some of our better qualities. It is easy to dilate on the dark features of our national character and institutions. This has been done *ad nauseam*; and now that an opposite example has been furnished, we are not disposed ill-naturedly to complain, or, with an affectation of ingenuousness, to plead that our character has been drawn too brightly. Mrs. Stowe was unquestionably received amongst us with open arms. The fact was alike honorable to ourselves and to her. She had suddenly risen from obscurity by a combination of brilliant qualities, honestly devoted to one of the noblest objects of human philanthropy. Her reputation was of the very best kind. There was nothing unreal, much less pernicious in it. It was the reputation of great talents, earnestly consecrated to virtue and humanity. Had her reception been other than it was, it would have augured in us the want of qualities which we have been accustomed to deem most honorable; and had Mrs. Stowe's record of her visit been other than joyous, it would have indicated a phlegmatic and ungrateful temperament, which we should be sorry to attribute to the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' 'If there be characters and scenes,' says the author, in her preface, 'that seem drawn with too bright a pencil, the reader will consider that, after all, there are many worse sins than a disposition to think and speak well of one's neighbours. To admire and to love may now and then be tolerated, as a variety, as well as to carp and criticize. America and England have heretofore abounded towards each other in illiberal criticisms. There is not an unfavourable aspect of things in the Old World which has not become perfectly familiar to us; and a little of the other side may have a useful influence.'

With this sentence we are content to leave the class of objections to which we have referred. The work consists of familiar letters, written during her residence in Europe to friends and relations in America. As a literary composition it is, therefore,



open to some exception ; and there is a minuteness of personal detail in some of the letters which might have been advantageously dispensed with. Mrs. Stowe will do well to retrench these matters in subsequent editions of her work, and this may be easily done without affecting its general character. It should be borne in mind that the work was designed for America rather than for England, and we can readily believe what the author asserts, that she would have been 'far more at ease had there been no prospect of publication in England.' We take her volumes, however, as they are ; and without doubt or hesitancy affirm that we have rarely been more gratified than in their perusal. From some of her judgments we dissent. Her criticisms naturally partake, in many cases, of the complexion of the American mind, but there is a geniality and warm-heartedness combined with a rich vein of shrewd sense and intelligent refinement throughout her work, which would counterbalance far more weighty faults than she has fallen into. It was natural that Mrs. Stowe should visit Europe with most kindly and sympathetic feelings. The extensive popularity of her work insured this, and it would therefore be the height of folly to regard her volumes as the calm exposition of an unbiassed observer. They make no pretensions to anything of the kind. She describes what she saw, acknowledges the kindness she received, and institutes comparisons between her own and the mother country, in the most cordial and cheering spirit. We take, therefore, her volumes for what they profess to be, and look to other writers for an impartial and searching analysis of our character and habits.

Her work will be best understood through the medium of extracts, and of these we shall freely avail ourselves. Arriving at Liverpool, in April of last year, she was fully sensible of the 'thrill and pulsation of kindred' with which all intelligent Americans approach our country. 'Its history,' she says, 'for two centuries was our history. Its literature, laws, and language are our literature, laws, and language. Spenser, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, were a glorious inheritance, which we share in common. Our very life-blood is English life-blood. It is Anglo-Saxon vigor that is spreading our country from Atlantic to Pacific, and leading on a new era in the world's development. America is a tall, sightly young shoot, that has grown from the old royal oak of England: divided from its parent root, it has shot up in new, rich soil, and under genial, brilliant skies, and therefore takes on a new type of growth and foliage ; but the sap in it is the same.' A crowd was assembled on the wharf to receive her, and she was strongly impressed with the appearances of robust health which they exhibited. 'It seemed,' she tells us, 'as if I had not only touched the English shore, but felt the English

heart.' She found a cordial reception at the house of Mr. Cropper, one of those 'beautiful little spots which are so common in England,' but with which she was yet unacquainted. 'The sofa and easy chair wheeled up before a cheerful coal fire, a bright little teakettle steaming in front of the grate, a table with a beautiful vase of flowers, books, and writing apparatus, and kind friends with words full of affectionate cheer,—all these made me feel at home in a moment.'

The hospitality of England is famed throughout the world. It has its own forms and modes of expression, but its reality is admitted by all intelligent foreigners. Our manners are, it must be confessed, somewhat cold and reserved; but nothing of this kind was visible to Mrs. Stowe, whose previous reputation had broken down the usual impediments to free and unrestrained intercourse. 'A circle of family relatives,' she says, 'could not have received us with more warmth and kindness.' The same fact was visible wherever she went. Her name was familiar to all, and every person, from the highest to the lowest, took pleasure in assuring her of their warm-hearted and grateful admiration. From Liverpool she proceeded to Scotland, where she had an early opportunity of seeing some of the most distinguished men of that country, as well as gazing on points of its scenery, to which, in our apprehension, there is no superior. She visited, of course, Abbotsford—where is the intelligent foreigner who does not?—and her remarks on the genius and writings of Sir Walter Scott are well entitled to attention. She notes, with some surprise, the absence of enthusiasm for Walter Scott. 'Allusions,' she says, 'to Bannockburn and Drumclog bring down the house, but enthusiasm for Scott was met with comparative silence.' This fact, if such it be—of which we have our doubts—is accounted for by the circumstance that 'Scott belonged to a past, and not to the coming age. He beautified and adorned that which is vaxing old and passing away. He loved and worshipped in his very soul institutions which the majority of the common people have felt as a restraint and a burden.' This characteristic of his poetry, doubtless, operates to some extent; but Scott's reputation is mainly founded on his novels, and here, as we believe, is the main secret of the absence of enthusiasm noted by our author. Mrs. Stowe associated chiefly with the religious public, and amongst these the class of novels has till recently been prohibited. The writings of Sir Walter Scott have mainly conduced to the removal of this feeling, but even they have only gradually made their way. At first, they encountered strong opposition. The repugnance founded on the general qualities of the class operated against the individual. Nor are we surprised at this. The most cursory view of our literature

will suffice to show that the qualities of the *novel* were until recently such as ought to exclude it from all religious circles, and it is the great merit of Scott that he proved to the world that fiction might be employed with extensive popularity without availing itself of the licentiousness and irreligion which characterize Fielding and our older novelists. For a long time, the religious public were in doubt respecting him, and even yet, though his volumes are universally read, and formal panegyrics on his genius are perpetually uttered, religious men hesitate, when speaking on the theme, as though fearful that their language may be understood for more than they design. Most of us can remember the time when the 'Waverley Novels,' though read, were kept from general view. This state of things is now happily passed. It was a species of dishonesty which ought never to have been practised, but the scruples which induced it are yet visible in the subdued and measured terms in which they are spoken of. An opposite fact is reported of Burns, of whom Mrs. Stowe remarks, 'Poor Burns! how inseparably he has woven himself with the warp and woof of every Scottish association.' There is no mystery in this; the writings of Burns fully explain it. It is impossible to read them without feeling that they are the utterances of a heart richly laden with some of the noblest elements of our nature, and sympathizing with whatever is common to humanity. Burns' popularity is founded on his poetry, and this was freely admitted wherever the language he used was known. His speech was national, his feelings genuine and true-hearted, and his occasional outbursts of strong, indignant protest, only served to awaken pity, and to diminish reprobation of the excesses he plunged into.

Many of our readers will be surprised at the glowing terms in which Mrs. Stowe speaks of the writings of Scott, and will deem her vindication of them, on some points, scarcely conclusive. His treatment of the Covenanters is one of these, and we confess to a want of satisfaction in the defence she has set up. That Scott did not designedly misrepresent them we freely admit. With this fault we do not charge him. It is not needful in order to make out our case, and we should be sorry to see it proved. What we do charge against him is, that he suffered the force of prejudice to operate so powerfully on his mind as to color all the views which he took of the contending parties of that period. The agents of priestly intolerance and of royal perfidy are painted in resplendent colors. Whatever virtues they possessed are brought out strongly to view, whilst their terrible vices are, either wholly merged, or are divested of their most repulsive features. On the other hand, the heroism, the superhuman fidelity to principle, the intense, though in many cases one-sided, devotion to duty, which



characterized the Covenanters, are concealed from view by the grotesque aspect of their religious forms, or their narrow-minded and fierce sectarianism. Scott might, and ought to, have known better. Evidence was accessible, which would have wrought conviction had not his prejudices been concerned. It is to his disgrace that his sympathies were not with the suffering class, who, in their day, and according to the measure of their enlightenment, were heroic witnesses for that truth under whose shelter we calmly live. But our readers must hear what Mrs. Stowe alleges on this point :—

‘Scott has been censured as being wilfully unjust to the Covenanters and Puritans. I think he meant really to deal fairly by them, and that what *he* called fairness might seem rank injustice to those brought up to venerate them, as we have been. I suppose that in ‘Old Mortality’ it was Scott’s honest intention to balance the two parties about fairly, by putting on the Covenant side his good, steady, well-behaved hero, Mr. Morton, who is just as much of a Puritan as the Puritans would have been had they taken Sir Walter Scott’s advice; that is to say, a very nice, sensible, moral man, who takes the Puritan side because he thinks it the *right* side, but contemplates all the devotional enthusiasm and religious ecstasies of his associates from a merely artistic and pictorial point of view. The trouble was, when he got his model Puritan done, nobody ever knew what he was meant for; and then all the young ladies voted steady Henry Morton a bore, and went to falling in love with his Cavalier rival, Lord Evandale, and people talked as if it was a preconcerted arrangement of Scott, to surprise the female heart, and carry it over to the royalist side.

‘The fact was, in describing Evandale he made a living, effective character, because he was describing something he had full sympathy with, and put his whole life into; but Henry Morton is a laborious arrangement of starch and pasteboard to produce one of those supposititious, just-right men, who are always the stupidest of mortals after they are made. As to why Scott did not describe such a character as the martyr Duke of Argyle, or Hampden, or Sir Harry Vane, where high birth, and noble breeding, and chivalrous sentiment were all united with intense devotional fervour, the answer is, that he could not do it; he had not that in him wherewith to do it; a man cannot create that of which he has not first had the elements in himself; and devotional enthusiasm is a thing which Scott never felt.’—Vol. i. pp. 143-145.

As a companion picture, we may refer to our author’s visit to Stratford, which she approached with the reverence of intense admiration. Shakespeare, Bunyan, and Defoe, are mentioned as the three writers whose works should be specially studied by all who would know the force and amplitude of our vernacular speech. They are radically and thoroughly English. ‘They have the solid grain of the English oak, not veneered by learning and the classics; not inlaid with arabesques from other nations, but developing wholly out of the English nationality.’ Much of what we have written respecting the feeling of the religious public

towards Scott is applicable to Shakespeare, and we are the more inclined to refer our readers to this portion of Mrs. Stowe's narrative, in the hope that it will serve to induce a more discriminating estimate of him than has hitherto been prevalent.

'It seemed to me,' she says, 'so singular that of such a man there should not remain one accredited relic! Of Martin Luther, though he lived much earlier, how many things remain! Of almost any distinguished character how much more is known than of Shakspeare! There is not, so far as I can discover, an authentic relic of anything belonging to him. There are very few anecdotes of his sayings or doings; no letters, no private memoranda, that should let us into the secret of what he was personally, who has in turns personated all minds. The very perfection of his dramatic talent has become an impenetrable veil; we can no more tell from his writings what were his predominant tastes and habits than we can discriminate among the variety of melodies what are the native notes of the mocking-bird. The only means left us for forming an opinion of what he was personally, are inferences of the most delicate nature from the slightest premises.

'The common idea which has pervaded the world, of a joyous, roving, somewhat unsettled, and dissipated character, would seem, from many well-authenticated facts, to be incorrect. The gaieties and dissipations of his life seem to have been confined to his very earliest days, and to have been the exuberance of a most extraordinary vitality, bursting into existence with such force and vivacity that it had not had time to collect itself, and so come to self-knowledge and control. By many accounts it would appear that the character he sustained in the last years of his life was that of a judicious, common-sense sort of a man; a discreet, reputable, and religious householder.'—*Ib.* pp. 215, 216.

We should be glad to quote largely from this part of the work, but must content ourselves with the following beautiful passage, in which the influence of maternal gentleness and purity on the genius of the bard of Avon is strikingly alluded to. The world has had many illustrations of the vast benefits which have accrued from the silent teachings of maternal love, but in no case, perhaps, have our obligations been greater than in the case before us. Referring to the mother of Shakespeare, Mrs. Stowe remarks:—

'We know nothing who this Mary was that was his mother; but one sometimes wonders where in that coarse age, when queen and ladies talked familiarly, as women would blush to talk now, and when the broad, coarse wit of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' was gotten up to suit the taste of a virgin queen,—one wonders, I say, when women were such and so, where he found those models of lily-like purity, women so chaste in soul and pure in language that they could not even bring their lips to utter a word of shame. Desdemona cannot even bring herself to speak the coarse word with which her husband taunts her; she cannot make herself believe that there are women in the world who could stoop to such grossness.

'For my part, I cannot believe that, in such an age, such deep-

heart-knowledge of pure womanhood could have come otherwise than by the impression on the child's soul of a mother's purity. I seem to have a vision of one of those women whom the world knows not of, silent, deep-hearted, loving, whom the coarser and more practically efficient jostle aside and underrate for their want of interest in the noisy chit-chat and commonplace of the day; but who yet have a sacred power, like that of the spirit of peace, to brood with dovelike wings over the childish heart, and quicken into life the struggling, slumbering elements of a sensitive nature.

'I cannot but think, in that beautiful scene where he represents Desdemona as amazed and struck dumb with the grossness and brutality of the charges which had been thrown upon her, yet so dignified in the consciousness of her own purity, so magnanimous in the power of disinterested, forgiving love, that he was portraying no ideal excellence, but only reproducing, under fictitious and supposititious circumstances, the patience, magnanimity, and enduring love which had shone upon him in the household words and ways of his mother.

'It seemed to me that in that bare and lowly chamber I saw a vision of a lovely face which was the first beauty that dawned on those childish eyes, and heard that voice whose lullaby tuned his ear to an exquisite sense of cadence and rhythm. I fancied that, while she thus serenely shone upon him like a benignant star, some rigorous grand-aunt took upon her the practical part of his guidance, chased up his wanderings to the right and left, scolded him for wanting to look out of the window because his little climbing toes left their mark on the neat wall, or rigorously arrested him when his curly head was seen bobbing off at the bottom of the street, following a bird, or a dog, or a showman; intercepting him in some happy hour when he was aiming to strike off on his own account to an adjoining field for "winking Mary-buds;" made long sermons to him on the wickedness of muddying his clothes and wetting his new shoes (if he had any), and told him that something dreadful would come out of the graveyard and catch him if he was not a better boy, imagining that if it were not for her bustling activity, Willie would go straight to destruction.'—*Ib.* pp. 203, 204.

Much is recorded of the Stafford House family, and we do not wonder at it. Our author's reception was so cordial and flattering, the attentions she received were so delicate and well-timed, and the personal qualities of the distinguished circle gave such value to their kindness, that Mrs. Stowe would have been more than human had she not keenly felt the attention shown her. She never loses an opportunity of recurring to the Duchess of Sutherland and her distinguished relatives; and the tone of her remarks, whilst highly laudatory, never awakens the suspicion of unworthy motives, or of a deficiency of self-respect. There is neither inflation nor servility in her remarks. They are the cordial response of a grateful and intelligent woman, who duly appreciated what was due to herself, and rightfully referred to the cause with which she was identified the flattering reception



with which she met. It is well known that a meeting took place at Stafford House between Mrs. Stowe and the ladies most honorably distinguished in the anti-slavery movements of our age. This meeting was 'a most remarkable fact,' and our author was wise enough not to appropriate the honor of it to herself. 'I rather regard it,' she says, as the most public expression possible of the feelings of the women of England, on one of the most important questions of our day—that of individual liberty considered in its religious bearings.' Referring to this meeting, Mrs. Stowe justly remarks:—

'The most splendid of England's palaces has this day opened its doors to the slave. Its treasures of wealth and of art, its prestige of high name and historic memories, have been consecrated to the acknowledgment of Christianity in that form wherein, in our day, it is most frequently denied—the recognition of the brotherhood of the human family, and the equal religious value of every human soul. A fair and noble hand by this meeting has fixed, in the most public manner, an ineffaceable seal to the beautiful sentiments of that most Christian document, the letter of the ladies of Great Britain to the ladies of America. That letter and this public attestation of it are now historic facts, which wait their time and the judgment of advancing Christianity.'—*Ib.* p. 298.

Our readers will be desirous of knowing the impression made on Mrs. Stowe by some of our literary celebrities. She met several of them on various occasions, and her sketches are full of interest. Designed primarily for American readers, her descriptions will be read on this side of the Atlantic with no slight curiosity and pleasure. Take for instance the following account of Macaulay, with whom she breakfasted at Sir Charles Trevelyan's.

'Macaulay's whole physique gives you the impression of great strength and stamina of constitution. He has the kind of frame which we usually imagine is peculiarly English: short, stout, and firmly knit. There is something hearty in all his demonstrations. He speaks in that full, round, rolling voice, deep from the chest, which we also conceive of as being more common in England than America. As to his conversation, it is just like his writing; that is to say, it shows very strongly the same qualities of mind.

'I was informed that he is famous for a most uncommon memory; one of those men to whom it seems impossible to forget anything once read; and he has read all sorts of things that can be thought of, in all languages. A gentleman told me that he could repeat all the old Newgate literature, hanging ballads, last speeches, and dying confessions; while his knowledge of Milton is so accurate, that, if his poems were blotted out of existence, they might be restored simply from his memory. This same accurate knowledge extends to the Latin and Greek classics, and to much of the literature of modern Europe. Had nature been required to make a man to order, for a perfect historian, nothing better could have been put together, especially since

there is enough of the poetic fire included in the composition, to fuse all these multiplied materials together, and colour the historical crystallization with them.

'Macaulay is about fifty. He has never married; yet there are unmistakeable evidences in the breathings and aspects of the family circle by whom he was surrounded, that the social part is not wanting in his conformation. Some very charming young lady relatives seemed to think quite as much of their gifted uncle as you might have done had he been yours.

'Macaulay is celebrated as a conversationalist; and, like Coleridge, Carlyle, and almost every one who enjoys this reputation, he has sometimes been accused of not allowing people their fair share in conversation. This might prove an objection, possibly, to those who wish to talk; but as I greatly prefer to hear, it would prove none to me. I must say, however, that on this occasion the matter was quite equitably managed.'—Vol. ii. pp. 2, 3.

Milman, who was present on the same occasion, is represented as 'tall, stooping, with a keen black eye, and perfectly white hair—a singular and poetic contrast.' Our author sat between the two, and tells us in continuation of her sketch,

'Somehow or other, we found ourselves next talking about Sidney Smith; and it was very pleasant to me, recalling the evenings when your father has read and we have laughed over him, to hear him spoken of as a living existence, by one who had known him. Still, I have always had a quarrel with Sidney, for the wicked use to which he put his wit, in abusing good old Dr. Carey, and the missionaries in India; nay, in some places he even stooped to be spiteful and vulgar. I could not help, therefore, saying, when Macaulay observed that he had the most agreeable wit of any literary man of his acquaintance, "Well, it was very agreeable, but it could not have been very agreeable to the people who came under the edge of it," and instanced his treatment of Dr. Carey. Some others who were present, seemed to feel warmly on this subject, too, and Macaulay said,—

"Ah, well, Sidney repented of that afterwards." He seemed to cling to his memory, and to turn from every fault to his joviality as a thing he could not enough delight to remember.

'Truly, wit, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. A man who has the faculty of raising a laugh in this sad earnest world, is remembered with indulgence and complacency always.'—*Ib.* p. 6.

Slight sketches are also furnished of the historian Hallam, Sir R. H. Inglis, Dr. Lushington, Lord Campbell, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Justice Talfourd, Mr. Dickens, and others. The following anecdote has more than ordinary interest. It relates to an occurrence at the Mansion House, and confirms the impression generally made on all candid readers by the opinion referred to.

'A very dignified gentleman, dressed in black velvet, with a fine head, made his way through the throng, and sat down by me, introducing himself as Lord Chief Baron Pollock. He told me he had just been reading the legal part of the key to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and

remarked especially on the opinion of Judge Ruffin, in the case of *State v. Mann*, as having made a deep impression on his mind. Of the character of the decision, considered as a legal and literary document, he spoke in terms of high admiration; said that nothing had ever given him so clear a view of the essential nature of slavery. We found that this document had produced the same impression on the minds of several others present. Mr. S. said that one or two distinguished legal gentlemen mentioned it to him in similar terms. The talent and force displayed in it, as well as the high spirit and scorn of dissimulation, appear to have created a strong interest in its author. It always seemed to me that there was a certain severe strength and grandeur about it which approached to the heroic. One or two said that they were glad such a man had retired from the practice of such a system of law.—Vol. i. pp. 260, 261.

Those who have been in extensive intercourse with Americans can scarcely fail to have noticed the early deterioration of female beauty. The fact is painfully obtruded, even on a casual observer, and has led to many amusing theories. Few countries are richer in the personal beauty of its younger women, but their bloom speedily disappears, and gives place, at a much earlier period than amongst ourselves, to the indications of physical exhaustion. An interval of a few years works marvellous changes in this respect. Health is supplanted by sickness, and the vivacity and hopefulness of youth give place to the tokens of premature decay. How is this? The question is frequently asked, and many explanations have been offered. How far these are satisfactory it is not for us to say. One thing at least is certain. The universality of the fact proves the existence of some general law, far wider in its range and more certain in its operation than the varying *modes* of fashion. Mrs. Stowe frequently expresses surprise at the measure of health enjoyed in this country, and admits it, as undoubted, that personal beauty is far longer maintained than amongst her own countrywomen. The question is, doubtless, somewhat perplexing, and to ladies themselves, must be fraught with no ordinary interest. Our author's attention was directed to it, and here is her solution of the enigma.

‘A lady asked me this evening what I thought of the beauty of the ladies of the English aristocracy: she was a Scotch lady, by-the-by; so the question was a fair one. I replied, that certainly report had not exaggerated their charms. Then came a home question—how the ladies of England compared with the ladies of America. “Now for it, patriotism,” said I to myself; and, invoking to my aid certain fair saints of my own country, whose faces I distinctly remembered, I assured her that I had never seen more beautiful women than I had in America. Grieved was I to be obliged to add, “But your ladies keep their beauty much later and longer.” This fact stares one in the face in every company; one meets ladies past fifty, glowing, radiant, and blooming, with a freshness of complexion and fulness of outline



refreshing to contemplate. What can be the reason? Tell us, Muses and Graces, what can it be? Is it the conservative power of sea fogs and coal smoke—the same cause that keeps the turf green, and makes the holly and ivy flourish? How comes it that our married ladies dwindle, fade, and grow thin—that their noses incline to sharpness, and their elbows to angularity, just at the time when their island sisters round out into a comfortable and becoming amplitude and fulness? If it is the fog and the sea-coal, why, then, I am afraid we never shall come up with them. But, perhaps, there may be other causes why a country which starts some of the most beautiful girls in the world produces so few beautiful women. Have not our close-heated stove-rooms something to do with it? Have not the immense amount of hot biscuits, hot corn cakes, and other compounds got up with the acrid poison of saleratus, something to do with it? Above all, has not our climate, with its alternate extremes of heat and cold, a tendency to induce habits of in-door indolence? Climate, certainly, has a great deal to do with it; ours is evidently more trying and more exhausting: and because it is so, we should not pile upon its back errors of dress and diet which are avoided by our neighbours. They keep their beauty, because they keep their health. It has been as remarkable as anything to me, since I have been here, that I do not constantly, as at home, hear one and another spoken of as in miserable health, as very delicate, &c. Health seems to be the rule, and not the exception. For my part, I must say, the most favourable omen that I know of for female beauty in America is, the multiplication of water-cure establishments, where our ladies, if they get nothing else, do gain some ideas as to the necessity of fresh air, regular exercise, simple diet, and the laws of hygiene in general.—Vol. ii. pp. 18-20.

It is well known that Mrs. Stowe is the daughter, sister, and wife of American divines, and she may therefore be safely assumed to be conversant with the style of preaching common throughout the States. As a general rule, she represents it as more logical and argumentative than that of our country. It takes more cognizance of the intellect, assumes less, and seeks by the force of reasoning to induce conviction, rather than by the urgency of appeal, to give practical effect to admitted truths. 'One principal difference that struck me,' she says, 'was, that the English preaching did not recognise the existence of any element of inquiry or doubt in the popular mind; that it treated certain truths as axioms, which only needed to be stated to be believed; whereas, in American sermons there is always more or less time employed in explaining, proving, and answering objections to the truths enforced.' Mr. Binney is represented as an exception to this rule, and we should be glad to see this feature of his public exercises more extensively prevalent amongst us. Speaking of Mr. Binney, we are told,

'He is one of the strongest men among the Congregationalists, and a very popular speaker. He is a tall, large man, with a finely-built head, high forehead, piercing, dark eye, and a good deal of force and

determination in all his movements. His sermon was the first that I had heard in England which seemed to recognise the existence of any possible sceptical or rationalizing element in the minds of his hearers. It was in this respect more like the preaching that I had been in the habit of hearing at home. Instead of a calm statement of certain admitted religious facts, or exhortations founded upon them, his discourse seemed to be reasoning with individual cases, and answering various forms of objections, such as might arise in different minds. This mode of preaching, I think, cannot exist unless a minister cultivates an individual knowledge of his people.'—*Ib.* p. 30.

We can find room only for one extract more, and amongst many we select the following, in which honor is done to one of the noblest and most patriotic exiles whom oppression has ever driven to our shores. We have frequently expressed our opinion of the ex-governor of Hungary. It is impossible to have gazed on his calm and somewhat sorrowful countenance, or to have witnessed its instantaneous lighting up when the fortunes and hopes of his fatherland are spoken of, without being deeply prepossessed in his favor. Received with open arms, welcomed at once to the heart and to the home of the English people, this distinguished man has conducted himself amongst us with singular sagacity. Ordinary men would have been stimulated by his flattering reception to imprudence, if not to rashness; but Kossuth wisely retired from the public eye, and waited, in hopeful confidence, that the better star of his country would yet pierce through the dark clouds by which its brightness had been obscured. Yielding to a necessity which no genius could resist, he landed on our shores the victim of domestic treachery, as well as the sworn enemy of absolutism. History records no struggle more sagaciously planned or more heroically conducted than that over which he presided. His personal integrity is beyond suspicion. The deepest devotion of his heart is consecrated to the constitutional rights of his country, and future ages, rising superior to the whispers of envy, and despising the conclusions which a false philosophy draws from defeat, will enrol his name amongst the worthiest of our race. Pure, high-minded, and heroic, as enlightened in his patriotism as he is universal in his knowledge, he is the type of that better class of minds out of which the regenerators of a nation are born. Had the aristocracy of England shared his sagacity, they would have been amongst the foremost to do him honor, but the opposite course which they have pursued will tell with terrible effect against them when the day of retribution comes. Our rulers are intensely anxious to avoid the necessity of appealing to the popular mind of Europe, and hence their protracted negotiations with Austria. Kossuth naturally looks to the war

which is now raging, as that which will probably bring the great principle of his public life into prominent action. We can readily imagine with what intense solicitude he listens to the reports which reach us from the seat of war; and are greatly mistaken if he is not yet destined to act a conspicuous part in the struggle. The urgency of the crisis has drawn him from his retreat, and his marvellous oratory has again thrilled the hearts of thousands of our countrymen. From his views some will dissent, but the point of difference between us is not great. Vienna is more accessible to the Czar than Constantinople, and we may yet live to see the German Cæsars more endangered in their capital than the Sultan has ever been. But we must not forget Mrs. Stowe. The theme is tempting, but we recur to the visit of our American traveller to the English residence of the Magyar chief. She says—

‘We found him in an obscure lodging on the outskirts of London. I would that some of the editors in America, who have thrown out insinuations about his living in luxury, could have seen the utter bareness and plainness of the reception room which had nothing in it beyond the simplest necessities. Here dwells the man whose greatest fault is an undying love to his country. We all know that if Kossuth would have taken wealth and a secure retreat, with a life of ease for himself, America would gladly have laid all these at his feet. But because he could not acquiesce in the unmerited dishonour of his country, he lives a life of obscurity, poverty, and labour. All this was written in his pale, worn face, and sad, thoughtful, blue eye. But to me the unselfish patriot is more venerable for his poverty and his misfortunes.

‘Have we, among the thousands who speak loud of patriotism in America, many men, who, were she enfeebled, despised, and trampled, would forego self, and suffer as long, as patiently for her? It is even easier to die for a good cause, in some hour of high enthusiasm, when all that is noblest in us can be roused to one great venture, than to live for it amid wearing years of discouragement and hope delayed.

‘There are those even here in England who delight to get up slanders against Kossuth, and not long ago some most unfounded charges were thrown out against him in some public prints. By way of counterpoise an enthusiastic public meeting was held, in which he was presented with a splendid set of Shakspeare’s works.

‘He entered into conversation with us with cheerfulness, speaking English well, though with the idioms of foreign languages. He seemed quite amused at the sensation which had been excited by Mr. S.’s cotton speech in Exeter Hall. C. asked him if he had still hopes for his cause? He answered, “I hope still because I work still; my hope is in God, not in man.”

‘I inquired for Madame Kossuth, and he answered, “I have not yet seen her to-day,” adding, “she has her family affairs, you know, madam; we are poor exiles here;” and fearing to cause embarrassment, I did not press an interview.



‘When we parted he took my hand kindly, and said, “God bless you, my child.”’

‘I would not lose my faith in such men for anything the world could give me. There are some people who involve in themselves so many of the elements which go to make up our confidence in human nature generally, that to lose confidence in them seems to undermine our faith in human virtue. As Shakspeare says, their defection would be like “another fall of man.”’—*Ib.* pp. 51, 52.

We purposely omit reference to Mrs. Stowe’s continental excursion, as our space is preoccupied with matters more interesting to the English reader. Her volumes are enriched with numerous illustrations, and will be perused with intense delight by large numbers of our countrymen. We part from them with regret. Unlike our ordinary experience, we were sorry to arrive at their close. We wished that she had gone on writing, and shall be glad to renew our acquaintance with her at the earliest possible moment.

The recent decision of the House of Lords, in the case of *Jeffereys v. Boosey*, having annulled the copyright of Messrs. Low, they have issued an edition in foolscap 8vo, at the low price of 2s., in order to meet the competition which is threatened. As Mrs. Stowe has an interest in their editions, we strongly recommend them to the preference of our readers.

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ART. VII.—*Desiderii Erasmi Opera Emendatiora et Auctiora.*

[The Works of Desiderius Erasmus, Corrected and Enlarged.]

Lugd. Bat. 10 tom. fol. 1703-6.

2. *Knight’s Life of Erasmus.* Cambridge. 1726. 8vo.

3. *Vie d’Erasme, par Burigné.* [Burigné’s Life of Erasmus.] Paris. 1757. 2 tom. 12mo.

4. *Jortin’s Life of Erasmus.* London. 2 vols. 4to. 1758-60.

5. *Hess’s Erasmus von Rotterdam nach Seinem Leben und Schriften.* [Life and Writings of Erasmus of Rotterdam.] 2 bde. 8vo. Zurich. 1790.

6. *The Life of Erasmus.* With Historical Remarks on the State of Literature, between the Tenth and Sixteenth Centuries. By Charles Butler, Esq., of Lincoln’s Inn: London. John Murray. 1825.

7. *Bibliothèque d’Elite.—Eloge de la Folie, traduit du Latind’ Erasme, précédée de l’Histoire d’Erasme et de ses Ecrits.* [Select Library.—The Praise of Folly. Translated from the Latin of Erasmus. Preceded by the History of Erasmus and his Writings.] Par M. Nisard. Paris. Librairie de Charles Gosselin. 1842.

ON one of the bridges crossing the numberless canals of Rotterdam, in the centre of the city, stands a bronze statue ten feet

high, of an ecclesiastic, with a soft and somewhat sickly intellectual expression, diligently reading a book which he holds in his right hand; and hard by is a mean-looking house with the inscription:—‘Hæc est parva domus, magnus quâ natus Erasmus’—(this is the small house in which the great Erasmus was born). This bronze statue was preceded by one of stone, and that by a wooden image erected ten years after the death of Erasmus: the stone statue was substituted eight years later. In 1592, the Spaniards threw it in the Meuse, and thirty years elapsed before its place was occupied by the existing monument, which is regarded as the *chef-d’œuvre* of Henry de Keiser. The admirers of Erasmus have said that, in this respect, he resembled the divinities of ancient Rome, who were honoured with images of clay before golden temples were erected to them. In 1672, this famous bronze was pulled down by the insurgents, who looked on it as having some connexion with popery, and who had well nigh destroyed it. The magistrates of Basel commissioned a merchant of their city, at the time in Rotterdam, to buy the statue; but the authorities at Rotterdam having persuaded the people that Erasmus, though a cleric, was neither a saint nor a sayer of masses, and that his statue required neither adorations nor prayers, it was determined that it should not be sold, but replaced upon its pedestal.

Erasmus was the son of a citizen of Tergou, whose name was Gerard. Margaret, his mother, was the daughter of a physician. His parents were not married—a reproach of which his learned adversary Julius Scaliger did not fail to make a virulent use in a literary controversy, while the better sort of people defended Erasmus, as a man who had procured for himself a high reputation, notwithstanding the irregularity of his birth. The brothers of Gerard, who was a man of pleasure, would have persuaded him to enter the church, leaving his patrimony to them. To escape from their solicitations he went to Rome, where he was employed as a copyist. While there, his relatives informed him that Margaret was dead. His grief for his supposed loss induced him to take orders, but on returning to Holland he found Margaret still alive. As a priest, he could not fulfil his promise of marriage to her; she would not marry any other man; and they did not live together.

At four years of age young Gerard—who afterwards adopted the custom of scholars in that age of revived ancient learning by translating his name into Latin (Desiderius) and Greek (Erasmus)—was sent to school, and while yet a boy, his pleasing voice secured him an appointment in the choir of Utrecht Cathedral. At nine he was removed to the school of Hegius, at Deventer, where one of his school-fellows was Adrian, who succeeded Leo X. as pope. Wonderful stories are told of his retentive memory

at that early age. His mother, who resided for his sake at Deventer, died of the plague when he was thirteen. His father soon followed her to the grave.

Erasmus had an elder brother, who shared with him a small patrimony, which sufficed for the expenses of their studies at the universities. Their father was scarcely dead when their relatives and their guardians robbed them of their little property, and sought to cover their delinquency by inducing the young orphans to become monks. The more active of these guardians had formerly been a school-master; but he was not tinctured with the love of letters, and, under a reputation for piety, he carried a perfectly selfish nature. Young Erasmus wrote him one day a somewhat elaborately composed letter, to which he sullenly replied—'Write me no more of that kind, without sending also a commentary.' He was one of those 'servants of God' who thought they offered to Him an acceptable sacrifice when they enrolled some helpless youth on the list of some monastic order; and he recounted with pride the recruits he had brought to St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Benedict, St. Augustin, St. Bridget, and other heads and founders of convents. As soon as the boys were fit to go to college, their guardian, fearing, as he said, that they might there imbibe sentiments too worldly, sent them to a convent in Brabant, whose monks derived their income from the instruction of children. When a youth of lively character and precocious intelligence came into their hands, it was their practice gradually to subdue him by harsh treatment of various kinds to the proper tone of the monastic life. These 'brothers' were ignorant enough, buried in the shades of their convent, strangers to science, spending in prayers the time not employed in scolding and whipping their pupils, incapable of teaching what they did not know, and filling the world with stupid monks or badly educated laics. In this convent Erasmus and his brother spent two years, under a master who was the more severe for his want of learning, chosen not by competent judges, but by the general of the order, often the most ignorant of the monks. This man had a gentle colleague, who loved Erasmus, and amused himself with him, and who, hearing him speak one day of returning home, laboured to retain him in the convent, and unite himself with their body, telling him all sorts of tales of the happy life they led there, and bestowing on him many caresses and little gifts. The boy resisted like a man. He said simply that he would take no part until his reason was more advanced. The monk, who was a good-natured man, did not urge him. On returning to Tergou, they found that one of their two guardians had died of the plague, without having given up his accounts. The other, taken up with his trade, troubled himself but little about his wards. They thus came entirely into the power of the other, whose name



was *Guardian*. He began to speak strongly of a scheme for engaging them in the church. Erasmus was now fifteen, and his brother three years older. The elder brother was feeble, and afraid of *Guardian*, and seeing himself poor, would willingly have suffered him to do what he liked with him, to escape the difficulty of resisting him, and the uncertainties of a precarious life. Erasmus, who appears, even then, to have felt the instinct of his future, spoke of selling the little land that remained to them, making up a small sum, going to the universities to complete their studies, and committing themselves thereafter to the grace of God. His brother was induced to consent, on condition that Erasmus would be the spokesman. *Guardian* called for them some days after they had pledged themselves to each other. Assuming a gentle tone, he spoke largely of his paternal tenderness towards them, his zeal and his vigilance, and afterwards congratulated them on his having found a place for them in another convent nearer home. Erasmus thanked him, but told him that his brother and himself were both too young to take so grave a step—that they could not become monks before they knew what was meant by being a monk—that they wished to consider the matter more maturely, after devoting some years to the study of letters—that some time for reflection could not hurt them. *Guardian* was not prepared for a refusal. He broke forth into threats, and could scarcely keep off his hands. He quarrelled with Erasmus, resigned his guardianship, saying, that they had not a florin left, and that they must look out for themselves. The youth wept, but his resolution remained unshaken. The threatenings having failed, the guardian changed his mode of attack. He intrusted the business to his brother, a man of polish, and of persuasive talent. He had the youths into his garden, treating them with pleasant conversation and wine. He drew so attractive a picture of monastic life, that the elder youth yielded. Erasmus, at sixteen, of delicate constitution, oppressed with ague, solitary, and poor, what must become of him!

He was beset by persons of all qualities. One gave him a lively description of monastic tranquillity; another set before him a tragical representation of the dangers of the world, as if monks were living beyond the world; *this* man terrified him by reciting the miseries of hell, as though the convents never led to hell, *that* other quoted miraculous examples—such as a man being devoured by a lion as he turned back from a monastery; some spake of monks who had been honoured by conversations with Jesus Christ, and of St. Catherine, who had been affianced to him, and had enjoyed long interviews with him. Erasmus was looked on as a grand prize, whose precocious abilities promised a monk that would do honour to his gown.

While agitated by these uncertainties, he had seen, in a monastery near the town, one of the companions of his childhood, who had been in Italy seeking his fortune, but not succeeding, had been induced by the love of repose, a taste for good living, and a reputation for good singing, to become a monk. Cantelius—such was his name—persuaded Erasmus to follow his example, boasting of the quietude, freedom, harmony, angelic fellowship, and literary leisure of the convent. To Erasmus the convent now seemed to be the garden of the Muses, where the cherished tastes of his life would be indulged. Returning to the town, new assaults awaited him. Again Cantelius plied his charms, and put an end to his hesitation, by asking him to become his pupil. Erasmus sought relief from present attacks in the convent, but without intending to remain there.

After many months spent in literary luxury and equality, without being obliged to fast or to perform nocturnal duties, the day arrived for taking the habit of the order. He spoke of resuming his freedom, but he was met with new threats, and after a brief struggle, he suffered himself to be made a monk. A whole year passed away without regrets. But by slow degrees, he learned that neither his soul nor his body could conform to that way of life. He saw studies neglected or despised. Instead of true piety, for which he had some relish, there were endless chants and ceremonies. His brother monks were, for the greater part, stupid, ignorant, sensual, and ready to oppose any among them who gave signs of a delicate intellect, and a stronger inclination for study than for feasting. The most robust had the greatest influence. Though at first he had been exempted from fasting, he was soon brought under rule. So tender was his constitution, that if his meal was postponed for an hour, his heart failed him, and he fell into a swoon. He suffered grievously from cold and from wind; but how could he escape them in an unhealthy convent, with long damp passages, and with cells imperfectly closed? He was in a continual shiver. The mere smell of fish gave him a headache, and brought on symptoms of fever. So light was his slumber, that it was with the utmost difficulty, and after some hours, that he could fall asleep, after rising to perform the nightly offices of devotion, from which, during his novitiate, he had been exempt. Deeply did he now sigh for liberty once more. But he was met by horrible scruples. 'Tricks of Satan,' said one, 'to draw away a servant from Jesus Christ.' 'I had the same temptations,' said another, 'but since I overcame them, I have lived as in Paradise.' 'There is danger of death,' insinuated a third, 'in abandoning the habit; for this offence against St. Augustine, men have been smitten with incurable disease, blasted by the thunder, or killed by the bite of a serpent: the least of

the evils is the infamy attached to an apostate.' The young monk feared shame more than death : his repugnance was conquered, and to the gown he now added the friar's cowl. Regarding himself as a prisoner, he sought consolation in study ; but as letters were viewed in the convent with suspicion, he was forced to study secretly in the religious house where men were allowed to be drunk in public.

Erasmus had attained his twenty-third year when the Bishop of Cambray invited him to come and live with him. Having obtained the consent of his bishop in ordinary, of the particular prior of the convent, and of the general prior of the order, he gladly accepted the invitation ; but he stayed with the bishop only a short time. He entered the famous theological College of Montaigne at Paris, whose *very walls*, he said, *were theological*. But the regimen of the place was deadly. John Standonnée, the governor at the time, who had spent his youth in poverty, and was as hard as the rocks of the desert, fed his young pupils with fish and tainted eggs, never allowing them meat, making them lie on wretched beds in damp chambers, and to crown all, forcing them to wear the monk's gown and cowl. Many youths contemporary with Erasmus, became mad, blind, or leprous ; some of them died under this harsh treatment ; and Erasmus himself was so ill, that he had great difficulty in recovering ; and, according to his own statement, he must have lost his life, but for the protection of St. Geneviève !

The love of letters and of theology had drawn Erasmus to Paris the first time, but the college diet and sickness drove him away. He soon repaired thither again to complete his studies, but was driven away the second time by the plague. He seems at this time to have taken private pupils, among whom was Lord Montjoy, a young English nobleman, who became a valuable friend to him in after life. Erasmus had to submit to vexing humiliations in consequence of the negligence or injustice of those on whom he had claims for the means of living. While rambling through the Netherlands, he was invited to visit the Marchioness de Vere, whose castle, on the top of a mountain, he reached with difficulty, and not without danger. His first view of the marchioness enchanted him, and from the warm comforts of her hospitable abode he wrote of her in the most laudatory terms to Lord Montjoy. Within a year he altered his tone. She had promised him a pension, but he received nothing. He made a voyage to England, where he associated with the leaders of the classical revival in London and the universities, with Colet and Linacre, Grocyn and Latimer. In returning to France he was upset in a boat, and all his gold went to the bottom. He borrowed some money to take him from Calais to



Paris. Travelling on horseback, in company with an Englishman, on the road to Amiens, some robbers had lingered in advance of them more than a day, to see whether he might be a good prize; but on that occasion his poverty was of service to him, for the robbers, perceiving that he was poor, did not think it worth their while to take his life for such a trifle. He had taken away all temptation to hurt him by letting them take the little that he had. By these successive losses he was reduced very low. He urged a friend, who was preceptor to the son of the marchioness, to press his demands; but his friend had claims of his own, and the affairs of the marchioness were going to ruin. The poverty of Erasmus was, of course, relative—poverty for a man of delicate habits, fond of change, buying manuscripts, having scribes in his pay, elegant and lavish in his tastes, burdened by the cost of his frequent removals, his high friendships, his domestics, secretaries, messengers, copyists, one who could not afford to be Erasmus but at that price. Any other man would have thought himself well off with what to Erasmus was poverty. Yet his resources were precarious. The little he received from his various pensions in England, Germany, and France, only helped him to incur debts, and it was reduced to less than half by the officers and bankers through whose hands it passed before it reached him.

At the age of forty, Erasmus took a journey to Rome, a journey which he had been contemplating all his life. He arrived at Bologna some days before the triumphal entry of Pope Julius II., the conqueror of Romagna. In the midst of a crowd who clapped their hands 'to the destroyer of tyrants,' he must have smiled at the aspect of that booted and spurred papacy, offering to the kisses of the stupid multitudes his feet whitened by the dust of the battle field, brandishing the sword like the keys of St. Peter, and pushing his horse on the breaches of walls thrown to do him honour. I like to represent to myself Erasmus, says M. Nisard, in the beautiful history before us, in the grand street of Bologna, leaning against a wall, wrapped in his fur, his ironical countenance gazing on the passing *cortège*, and meditating those wise critiques on the warlike papacy which his adversaries afterwards treated as heresies worthy of the flames.

It was on Tuesday, November 19, 1506, that the pope made his entry into Bologna. Some astrologers and some merchants would have dissuaded him, but he laughed at their predictions and said, 'In the name of God, let us advance and enter.' Before arriving at the church, he passed under thirteen triumphal arches, on each of which was written—'*To Julius II., triumphant over tyrants.*' On each side of the principal street were raised tribunes, in the form of long galleries, on which the great people

and the ladies of the high house of Bologna waved their handkerchiefs, and showered their devices on the head of the triumpher. The street was hung with veils sewed together, which formed an immense canopy over a space planted with green trees, and decorated with arms, paintings, devices, suspended from all the windows, while the road was covered with carpets. A hundred young nobles, carrying in their hands 'golden staves'—the only kind of arms suitable to the vanquished—preceded the *cortége*; then came twenty-two cardinals, in scarlet robes, having their hats laced with gold; then the condemned who were favoured by the pope, or victims of the tyrant of Bologna, set free, and bearing an inscription on their breasts; then, behind a forest of standards, in a cloud of perfumes, incense, white wax-tapers, hymns, and concerts, two canopies, borne on men's arms,—one of white silk, brodered with gold, for the holy sacrament, the other, more magnificent, of crimson silk and gold brocade, for the pontiff, who trod beneath his feet the bouquets of roses presented by the young girls of Bologna,—a rare present for the season; lastly, came the orations, the only thing to console the little for not having the triumphs of the great, and the pacific for not being victorious. There were four ambassadors—of France, Spain, Venice, and Florence; four—including two rectors of the university and two senators, besides six nobles of Bologna—in all fourteen; and, in returning, when twenty of the principal citizens had presented to the pope the keys of the city, some pieces of poetry were recited, a new discourse was delivered, and a psalm was chanted in front of the pontiff by the Bishop of Bologna—enough, as M. Nisard slyly remarks, to keep Julius II. from believing himself a God.

After the *fêtes* came the plague, and perhaps *because* of the feasts; while pope Julius II. was receiving a second triumph at Rome, in which, said the good Christians of the period, one could see at one glance of the eye the church militant and the church triumphant, the plague decimated the crowd, still pale and staggering from the excess of the previous night. Erasmus ran a great risk on this occasion. Though he had laid aside, by permission of the pope, the complete dress of a regular monk, he retained the white band. It so happened that the surgeons who had the care of the infected were required to wear a piece of white linen attached to shoulder, that people might avoid coming in contact with them. Even with that precaution, they were in danger of being stoned in the streets by the most cowardly populace in all Italy, says Erasmus, who are so afraid of death, that the smell of incense throws them into a fury, because it is their custom to burn it in their funerals. Erasmus went out into the streets with his white band, little dreaming that they would

confound an ecclesiastic with a physician, or take a band for a shoulder-knot. That imprudence nearly cost him his life on two occasions. The first time, he went to see one of his learned friends. As he drew near the house, two ill-looking soldiers rushed upon him, with cries of death, and drawing their swords to strike him. A woman passing by told the wretches that they were mistaken, that the man before them was not a physician but a churchman; this did not appease them; they continued to brandish their swords against Erasmus, when happily the gate of the house was opened from within, received poor Erasmus trembling with terror, and closed upon his assailants. The second time, he was entering an inn where some of his countrymen lodged. All at once a crowd gathered round him, armed with sticks and stones, and exciting each other to strike by crying—‘Kill the dog! kill the dog!’ At the moment a priest passed by, who, instead of haranguing the crowd, smiled agreeably and whispered in Latin to Erasmus—‘They are asses.’ These ‘asses’ would have finished by tearing the poor foreigner to pieces, if he had not been overlooked from a neighbouring house, by a young nobleman in a rich purple cloak. Erasmus, who did not understand the language of the people, asked this young gentleman in Latin what they meant. ‘It is your band that enrages them, they are sure to stone you if you don’t remove it.’ Erasmus durst not remove it, but he hid it behind his dress. Afterward, he obtained from Julius II. a dispensation, confirmed by Leo X., to lay aside his canonical costume for that of a secular ecclesiastic.

His journey to Italy increased his reputation, but not his wealth. He superintended the education of the two sons of Boeria. Some time he spent at Turin, at Venice, Padua, and at Rome, where he was well received by the pope and several cardinals. He returned to England poor and needy, and forced to employ his powerful intellect in applications,—often unsuccessful,—for relief. His first residence was with Sir Thomas More, then a young man. We find him at one time living in St. Mary’s, Oxford, and at another at Queen’s College, Cambridge. Henry VIII., who, as Prince of Wales, had written more than one friendly letter to him, gave him a royal welcome. Wolsey emulated his master in giving him splendid promises. From Lord Montjoy he received a pension; Archbishop Wareham, besides frequent presents, gave him the rectory of Aldington, near Ashford, in Kent. Had the promises made to him in this country been performed, he said, he would have spent the remainder of his life here, but he accepted an invitation from Charles, Archduke of Austria, to Brabant, where he obtained a pension, and a canonry. Though irregularly paid, he resisted an invitation from Francis I., with



an offer of a benefice of a thousand *livres*, and still lingered at Louvain, and other places in the Netherlands.

It was while occupied as a teacher among the bigoted *theologasters*, as he called them, in the University of Louvain, that he came into correspondence with Luther. Long before, he had written strongly against the abuses of the church. He was now in the plenitude of his literary sovereignty; the three grandest monarchs of the world—Francis I., Charles V., Henry VIII.—contended for the honour of having him as a voluntary subject. Popes offered him public hospitality in the Eternal City. His writings poured forth from the presses of Germany, Italy, and England. Small royalties, as well as provinces and cities as large as kingdoms, begged his acceptance of a glorious repose among them. While Europe was wrapped in the momentary silence that preceded the outbreak of the great war of civilization between her three great kings, and Erasmus sat upon the throne of letters, the silence was broken by a harsh voice from Wittemberg. Luther hurled Erasmus from his throne. The latter had done all he could, as far as his convictions and desires went, in the way of reformation. He would have confined the dispute to scholars, councils, and aimed no further than the rectification of abuses. There needed a man of promptitude, activity, passion, audacity, decision, energy, who could look into principles, and who could agitate the people. Though Luther and Melancthon were most anxious to have Erasmus with them, and though the monks classed them together, even hating Erasmus more bitterly than they hated Luther, there was always a wide gulf between their temperaments, their habits, their principles, and their objects. Luther urged Erasmus to more decision; Erasmus preached to Luther moderation, compromise, and management. Luther was concerned for the salvation of men's souls; Erasmus for classical literature, sacred science, and the unity of the church. The prudence of Erasmus was timid, not always frank, always uncertain, sometimes self-contradictory, and not free from the charge of hypocrisy. He had little zeal for evangelical truth. He shrank from tumult and controversy. He had no mind to be a martyr. He was not earnest enough, not profound enough in his convictions, not free enough from the fascinations of the world and of intellectual ambition, not sufficiently independent of the personal comforts indispensable to a man of refined tastes and feeble health—in one word, not *robust* enough in mind, heart, or body, to take the lead, and he would not follow in the suit of the Saxon monk, who, in literary talent and reputation was so immeasurably, and so consciously beneath him. When Leo X. was succeeded by Adrian, formerly the fellow student of Erasmus, the new pope pressed his *quondam* schoolfellow to hasten to the

church of St. Peter as the opponent of Luther. Erasmus would have excused himself on the ground of bodily suffering, his want of suitable learning, his sense of neglect on the part of some who had called him the Prince of Letters and the Star of Germany, his apprehension of the dangers he must bring upon himself if he entered on such a combat. He gave some salutary counsels to the holy father, breathing, on the whole, a wise and tolerant spirit. He was manifestly afraid of an encounter with the vehement and popular genius of Luther. But in surveying the whole field of circumstances which constituted his own *situation*, he, at length, resolved to break a lance with the champion of the Reformation, to whom all mankind pointed as specially *his* rival. He attacked the doctrine held by Luther, in common with some of the chief divines of catholicism, respecting the 'Freedom of Will,' a treatise not without much merit, but, like the writer, rather upholding the opinion opposed than destroying it. Men of all parties agree in thinking that it brought little glory to Erasmus, and less help to the papacy. It was not an attack in front. It touched nothing vital to the controversy. He neither entered on it, nor carried it forward, with spirit.

Many expressions escaped from him in his letters, which show with what reluctance and sadness he went down into the arena: he who had longed to spend the evening of life in the garden of the Muses, reluctantly pushed, at sixty, among gladiators, and holding the net instead of the lyre. With these regrets he mingled some bravadoes. His self-love was flattered by the king of England and the pope. The compliments he received before the work was published, closed with reproaches. He ought to have begun earlier. And when it appeared, his admirers complained that it was too gentle—that it had no object. The monks received it only on the condition that it should be but the beginning of an endless war, the first of a hundred treatises. They had an instinctive perception of the part which Erasmus was playing in this great quarrel. They saw the mixture of rationalism with his profession of faith. They had no liking for a man who treated his belief as a personal property. They continued to involve him in the cause of Luther, and even to treat him worse than his adversary. 'Erasmus,' they said, 'has laid the eggs, Luther had hatched the chickens. Luther was only infected with the plague, it was Erasmus who had introduced the pestilential seed. Erasmus is a soldier of Pilate, the dragon spoken of in the Psalms.' 'It had been good,' cried a monk, 'if that man had never been born'—an indirect manner of asking for the pile to shorten the duration of the mischief. Some monastic casuists had in their chamber a portrait of Erasmus, on which they had the savage pleasure of spitting every morning.

Others said loudly that it was too bad that so many men had perished in Germany for harbouring the heresies of Erasmus, while the author of these heresies still lived. Luther wrote a letter to Erasmus, which has been variously regarded by men of different parties, in which he conjures him not to lend his powerful aid to the enemies of the Gospel. It certainly breathes a spirit of compassion rather than of dread towards the veteran writer. Erasmus had put himself in a false position, by abandoning his natural calmness, in demanding justice against Luther at the hands of his protector, Frederick, the elector of Saxony, and by writing to Luther himself a letter full of studied insults. 'Look you,' said Luther to Melancthon, in a tone of triumph, 'at your Erasmus, and his vaunted moderation; he is a serpent.' Luther was now the master of the field, and whatever may be thought of the philosophy of Erasmus, practically he was beaten by the Saxon monk. Erasmus leaned to the ancient and long-established faith of catholicism; and since he must needs die under one of the two standards, catholicism or protestantism, he preferred the former, in his outward profession. In reviewing the controversy between these illustrious men, Mr. Butler says, with admirable candour—

'Unfortunately for Erasmus, neither the works we have mentioned, nor the hatred of him, which the Lutherans expressed on every occasion, could moderate the bitter animosity with which he was pursued by *many members of his own communion*. To present even a short view of the controversies to which their abuse of him gave rise, and of Erasmus's answers to them, would require a work much larger than the whole of the present volume, and would contain few interesting particulars. That Erasmus had, in some measure, provoked these insults and attacks, by his offensive satires and ironies, cannot be denied. But his services to religion and literature should not have been forgotten. A person who courted the favours of the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, took occasion to mention before him some failings of the Duke of Marlborough, his lordship's opponent. "Sir," exclaimed Lord Bolingbroke, "the Duke of Marlborough was so great a man that I have forgotten all his faults." Add to this,—that Erasmus repeatedly and explicitly disclaimed in his works every opinion that was contrary to the faith or doctrines of the Catholic church; and that he could enumerate among his defenders many of the most illustrious of her children.' —(Life of Erasmus, pp. 193, 194.)

The visits of Erasmus to England are but imperfectly reported by M. Nisard, the latest writer on Erasmus with whom we have come into contact, and of whose interesting sketch we freely avail ourselves. The fullest account of them are given by Knight, in his 'Life of Erasmus,' and his 'Life of Dean Colet.' Mr. Butler traces five distinct visits in 1497,—at the age of thirty;—in 1506;—in 1510; and in 1517. After much wandering, and many



hesitations in his choice of a permanent abode, he fixed in the year 1531 on Basel as a peaceful and well governed city, where the theologians were moderate men, and where he lived tranquil and respected in the society of Froben, the great printer, wielding his mighty press as the master of the literary movements of the age. Froben had offered him a house and a salary. He declined both, choosing to be Froben's friend rather than his pensioner. He purchased a house where, with the exception of some journeys which he commenced, but which his bad health interrupted, he lived in the friendship of Froben's family, and in the midst of labours which, in his epistles, he calls Herculean. To the house was attached a garden of some size, with a small pavilion in the middle, to which he repaired on fine days, not to take repose, but to translate some pages of Basil, or of Chrysostom.

The first sorrow he experienced at Basel was the sudden death of Froben. He loved him for the gentleness of his conversation, for all the good service he had rendered to liberal studies, for his noble character, for the purity of his manners, for the judgment with which he conducted his business, and for his attachment to his friends. He was a man without bitterness or misgivings, willing to be robbed rather than affront people by closely watching their transactions. He could neither remember the severest injuries, nor forget the smallest services. Gentle, affable, of temper even too easy for the head of a house and the father of a family, he knew not how to exhibit politeness towards those whom he could not but suspect, nor hide beneath an open countenance the inward feeling of mistrust, when he had detected the frail honesty of some by the facility with which they had deceived him. For this Erasmus sometimes reproached him; Froben smiled, and fell into the same snare next day. His profession supplied him with peculiar pleasures. When he had drawn the first proofs of some celebrated author, of whom he was preparing an edition, he came triumphing, with a radiant countenance, to show his specimen to Erasmus and his other friends, as if that had been the only reward he expected for all the pains bestowed on the impression. Froben's editions were prized for their correctness. He printed none but serious books, refusing his presses to libels, though that was a lucrative branch of trade; he would not tarnish his reputation by money dishonourably gained. He fell as if thunderstruck one day when he was mounted on a ladder to reach some book on a high shelf, and he was carried to his bed, unconscious, having crushed the brain: he died after a lethargy of two days. Erasmus composed two epitaphs for him, in Greek and Latin, both ingenious and

touching—a rare example of esteem and friendship reciprocated between an author and his bookseller.

The Reformation had so far prevailed at Basel as to be publicly acknowledged. Erasmus was regarded with an evil eye. No one dare undertake anything against a man placed under the guardianship of the public faith; but they murmured against him in their secret meetings, and already the most ardent asked if there was no other neutral town where he could conceal his equivocal impartiality. Elsewhere his Catholic friends complained of his remaining in a town infected with heresy; and though he took infinite pains to satisfy the most fastidious, though he had been seen in less than twelve days to read the first part of a treatise by Luther not yet published, to write a *diatribe* in reply, set it up, revise it, and print it, that the answer might appear at the same time as the attack, so that Luther's friends might not triumph in the interval between two fairs—the season for publication—for want of an antagonist,—his enemies gave it out that he was playing a double game, that he disavowed at Basel in his secret intrigues with the professors the doctrines of his replies to Luther. Œcolampadius, who had long lived on terms of friendship with Erasmus, complained of incivilities, which Erasmus tried to explain away by puerile excuses. The Protestant was backed by the sympathy of his fellow-citizens. Erasmus foresaw a coming storm, and, at the age of sixty, he yielded to it, and became again a wanderer. Before his preparations were completed, the revolution broke out at Basel. The Catholic and Protestant parties were only prevented by the authority of the senate from fighting in the public square. The churches were spoiled. The ornaments of wood were burned, those of stone or metal broken to pieces. Erasmus, referring to this destruction of images, said,—‘All this happened in the midst of such laughter as to astonish me that the saints worked no miracle, they who had formerly performed such great ones for trifling offences,’—which M. Nisard, evidently joining in the sentiment, marks as bearing a double sense—like most of the sentences of this sagacious sceptic—capable of being, at once, the ironical reflection of an enemy of the saints, and the pious cry of astonishment from an adorer of images. The mass was soon abolished at Basel, and in all the canton, and citizens were forbidden to celebrate it privately in their houses. Erasmus became alarmed. He secretly applied to King Ferdinand for a safe-conduct through his dominions and those of the emperor. At the same time he sent away his money, rings, vases, and other valuables, which he owed to the munificence of his illustrious friends. Soon after he openly loaded two wagons with his books and his baggage. He was on the point of departing when he was seized

in the night with a violent illness, which detained him at Basel, uneasy for the consequences of a departure prepared in secret, of which the senate would have reason to complain. The report spread. Œcolampadius had expressed some vexation. Erasmus besought him to come and see him. He came. They discoursed of theology. He allowed Erasmus to differ from him on some points. He promised him protection in the name of the city, and even endeavoured to persuade him, by a thousand sincere reasons, not to go away. 'But all my goods are at Friburg.' 'Well, go; but promise me to return.' 'I shall remain some months at Friburg, to go afterwards where God shall call me.' They squeezed each other's hands, and parted.

Recovering from his illness, Erasmus freighted a barge, and fixed the day for his departure. Was he to leave Basel stealthily, or in open day? The latter would be nobler, the former safer. He would have adopted the nobler course, but he had some friends who, doubtless, had no idea of displeasing him by suggesting a middle-path between a clandestine flight and an open departure. There were on the quay at Basel two wharves at which to embark for going either up or down the Rhine, one near the great bridge, the most frequented part of the town, the other opposite St. Anthony's Church, the little wharf used by fishing boats and other small craft. It was at this latter point that the friends of Erasmus counselled him to embark. All was ready; the sailors were at their oars; there wanted only the pass of the senate, but it did not come. The captain of the barge was sent for to the senate; he was questioned once and again. About what? Erasmus knew nothing; he became restless. Standing on the bridge, wrapped in a fur mantle, Froben's last present, with troubled aspect, we may believe that he was a prey to all the agonies of fear. He was not a stranger to the disposition of a large part of the senate towards him. Threatening words had been uttered; why was the captain of the barge detained? Was he to be given up to the iconoclasts of Basel? It was the month of April; a piercing fog was rising from the river. Erasmus trembled in every limb. Was it from fear? He might have said that it was from cold. It was the fate of all his actions, and of all his words, to leave some doubts.

At length the captain came from the senate, with orders to embark at the grand wharf near the bridge. Erasmus was thus forced to brave the honour of a public departure. The people uttered no cry, made no gesture. Erasmus congratulated himself that it was no worse. He had that vanity of restless spirits which makes them believe that they inspire no moderate sentiments. In reality, he was regarded only with indifference; they neither wished him well enough to salute him with their regrets,



nor so ill as to violate in his person the laws of hospitality. On boarding the little vessel he composed a quatrain, in Latin, bearing this sense :—

‘Farewell Basel! of all cities

The one that has offered me, for many years, the sweetest hospitality:  
From this barque which bears me away, I wish thee all blessings; and  
above all,

Mayest thou never have a guest more troublesome than Erasmus.’

He was received by the magistrates of Friburg with great honour. In the name of the arch-duke Ferdinand they offered him a house, in which he spent the early part of his sojourn. At first, the climate pleased him, and seemed milder than that of Basel. It was the relief of his mind, escaped from the disturbances of Basel, and relieved by the journey from his incessant labours. In a few months, all was changed; the air became harsh. With the labours, resumed more actively than ever, came back the languor, depression, swooning, and all the inconveniences which becloud the fairest sky. Health was merely the cessation of sharp sufferings, a little sleep after a painful operation. These were his best days. In these rare and short intervals he began, revised, or completed works, for which the health of two strong men would now scarcely suffice; besides endless letters on points of doctrine and other subjects, which made him relapse from his painless languor into new crises of suffering. He knew this, he spoke of it, he complained of it to his friends, and yet he spared not a phrase. So large the sacrifice he made to literary fame! Every week his enemies gave it out that he was dead; according to some, by a fall from his horse, which broke his skull; according to others, by an incurable malady. The more urgent spoke of him as already buried, specifying the place, the month, the hour—swearing that they had been present at his burial, and had trodden on his grave. He knew of these reports, and he wearied the presses of Basel and Friburg; he seemed to multiply his life to make men more impatiently desire his death.

Partly to maintain his independence, and partly to escape the insalubrity of the broken-down palace in which Ferdinand had harboured him, he purchased a house, and made alterations in it, as if for a long residence. In a letter to John Rinckius, he said: ‘If you were told that Erasmus, the septuagenarian, had taken to himself a wife, would you not make three or four signs of the cross? Yes, Rinckius, and not without good reason. Well! I have done a thing not less difficult, nor less tiresome, nor less incompatible with my character and my tastes. I have bought a house, of handsome appearance, and at a reasonable price. Who will despair of seeing the rivers flow back towards their

sources when he has seen poor Erasmus, the man who has always preferred literary leisure to everything, become a dealer in law, a purchaser, a bargain-maker, a builder, having no more dealing with the Muses, but with carpenters, locksmiths, masons, and glaziers? Alas! in that beautiful house 'he had not even a nest where he could safely lay down his little body.' He had hastily constructed a room with a chimney and a planked floor, but the smell of the lime made it still unfit to live in. We thus see him placed between two houses in which he could not remain without danger; the one offered by a prince, but in ruins and insalubrious—as these mansions of state usually are; the other unfinished, or too new to be inhabited with safety. And already he was complaining of the flux that carried him off. While his expenses increased, his revenues fell short. His two English pensions yielded but a fourth after all the deductions made by the bankers, and even that fourth was sometimes appropriated by gentlemen of the road. Of his Flemish pension he was robbed by an old friend to whom he had trusted everything, to whom he would have intrusted his life. From Charles V. he never received a florin. 'Has not Erasmus,' he asked, 'come back to evangelical poverty?' It was a favourable moment for making him offers. So many princes, tired out by the heavy verbosity of their ordinary theologians, would be charmed with the relief of the illustrious old man's refined and attractive discourse! So many exalted prelates, poor in genius, would be delighted to make use of his! But these promises did not tempt Erasmus. He had known for half a century that promises bind him who receives them, but not him who makes them. Cardinal Bernard, Bishop of Trent, begged him to make use of his eminence's credit with Ferdinand. Did he wish for a place,—a pension? 'What would an ecclesiastical dignity be to me,' replied Erasmus,—'an increased load for a stumbling horse! As to amassing money, at the end of my career, would it not be as absurd as to increase the provisions for the road at the end of a journey? All I wish for is a tranquil old age, if not joyous and flourishing, as I see many have.' Pope Paul III. wished to introduce some erudite person into the College of Cardinals. Erasmus was proposed, but he made objections; first, his health, which unfitted him for the duties of the cardinalate; afterwards, the smallness of his fortune: he could not be a cardinal with a revenue of less than three thousand ducats. His friends asked for him some ecclesiastical commissions which might help to raise the requisite income. He knew of their proceedings, and strongly blamed them. To think of bestowing the supreme honours of the priesthood on one who expected death every day, who often desired it, so cruel were his pains! 'I can hardly venture to put my foot out of my chamber,

and I am affrighted at the prospect of mounting the back of an ass; this thin, transparent body, can no longer breathe but in a heated atmosphere; and it is a man afflicted with so many evils whom you wish to aspire after commissions or cardinal's hats! M. Nisard says these refusals were sincere. His conscience, his tastes, the repose of his last days, all forbade such late ambition. What a lie to his whole life would he not have given if he who had boasted of the simplicity of the primitive church, indirectly attacking the wealth of the prelates and the luxury of their manners, if he had been seen wrapped in the Roman purple! What a figure he would have cut—a broken-down old man planted on a mule between two footmen, or carried, like a woman, in a litter, in processions of tall cardinals, managing their fiery steeds like the emperor's pages! And as for money, while he had enough to pay his servants, to warm his chamber without a stove, to drink occasionally his spoonful of old Burgundy wine mixed with liquorice juice, to send for the best physician in the place, to renew his gown and his fur-lining, and to entertain some messengers on the grand routes of Germany and Flanders, what more did he need?

After seven years of uninterrupted suffering and constant labour, battling with the Lutherans in the great religious contest, and with the Budæans in the great literary contest, of the age, added to two or three visitations of the plague, which drove his friends and his domestics away from him, he became weary of Friburg and of his beautiful house. A prophetic sadness took the place of the engaging humour and the habits of agreeable satire which he had maintained even in his sufferings. He wished to revisit his true country—Basel, Froben's little garden, and the pavilion where he had translated Chrysostom; he wished to superintend the impression of his 'Ecclesiastes,' which he had committed to the presses of Froben as his last voucher before God and men. His physicians had recommended to him change of air. He was carried on a litter to Basel, the only town he had loved, because there he had found liberty and friends. Seven years before, he had left her, disturbed and threatened with troubles; he returned to her calm, tranquil, settled down in a serious mood, all her people in the first fervour of a new faith. His friends had prepared for him an apartment such as they knew he liked, small and commodious, without a stove, and having an eastern aspect. He was solaced; these changes were good for him. It was in August, the month in which the fewest people die, and in which the dying hope. 'Here,' he said, 'I find myself, at least, less ill; for to find myself actually well I have no more hope in this life.' He was not, however, without projects. He contemplated journies to Brabant and to Besançon.



At Basel there remained some causes of inquietude: he had more friends there than at Friburg, but at the same time more enemies. Death, he feared, might surprise him in an heretical city, whereby his latter end would contradict his life. 'A man of the middle-path' to the end, he had made choice of a city without any marked character, where Roman-catholicism, having no serious enemies, had none of the exaggerations produced by controversy. God, however, determined otherwise. The small room which his friends at Basel had prepared for him was to be his death-chamber. It was the reformers, against whose violence, as he esteemed it, he had been fighting for twelve years, that rendered him the last honours. He had been so long accustomed to extreme danger that the really last conflict took him by surprise. In the brief moments of relief from horrid suffering, he was working at a commentary on 'The Purity of the Church,' and a revision of Origen. But his forces having actually failed, he was obliged to lay down his pen and confess himself vanquished. He did it, as M. Nisard says, with a touching grace, preserving to the last the sweet and benevolent irony which was the natural turn of his thoughts. A few days before his death, his friends having come to see him, 'Ah, well!' he said, smiling, '*Where are your rent garments, where the ashes with which you are going to cover your heads?*' On the evening of July 15, 1536, the final agony came on. During that struggle, the last of all man's struggles, he was heard, frequently, to pronounce in Latin and in German, these words:—*My God! deliver me. Lord Jesus, have pity on me! Lord, end my sufferings!* Such were his last groans. He yielded his soul towards midnight. The whole town, the consul, the senate, the professors followed him to his grave. His body was borne by students, and laid in the cathedral—now a protestant church—near the choir, in a chapel which had been dedicated to the Virgin. They still show at Basel the house in which he died, his ring, his seal, his sword, his knife, and his will, written in his own hand, in which he bequeathed most of his property to the aged and infirm poor, to young girls at an age to be married to whom poverty might become a snare, and to young men of good promise—a will, of which M. Nisard says, it was neither that of a dogmatic Catholic (who would have endowed convents), nor of a reformist (who would have consecrated his property to the propagation of the new faith), but of a man loving good and knowing how to do it, and as it regards religion, steering still a middle course.

Such is a brief sketch of the life of Erasmus, drawn from his own letter to his friend Goclenius, written after his fiftieth year, from the biographical memoir prefixed by Beatus Rhenanus to the edition of the works of Erasmus, published four years after

his death at Basel, and given in the London edition of his Letters, folio, 1642. We have also consulted the curious observations of Bayle in his 'Dictionnaire Historique et Critique.' Chronological minutes of the principal events, which M. Le Clerc drew up while engaged on the splendid edition of the works of Erasmus indicated at the head of this article, were inserted by him in successive volumes of the 'Bibliothèque Choisie.' These are translated and enlarged in Jortin's 'Life of Erasmus,' followed by criticisms on his writings. M. de Burigné's 'Vie d'Erasme,' contains the history of many celebrated men with whom he had been connected, a critical analysis of his works, and an impartial examination of his religious sentiments. We have here presented M. Nisard's 'History of Erasmus and his Writings,' in as condensed a form as we could, sometimes translating his words literally into our own language. Mr. Charles Butler has filled seven pages of his 'Life of Erasmus' with a catalogue of all his works, in the order of the Leyden edition.

The work to which M. Nisard's history is prefixed—'The Encomium of Folly,' is without a rival in any language, age, or country, for its acute judgment, its polished taste, its pungent and sparkling wit. He says he wrote it on a journey from Italy to England; and he dedicated it to Sir Thomas More. It was universally admired, and twenty thousand copies were sold in a few months. Those who do not read Latin, but to whom French is easy, will be charmed with the elegant translation now before us. But of course the original has forces and points not easily transferred. The author himself confessed that it was too gay for some of the subjects treated. We have a lively remembrance of our grammar-school days, when this was a favourite class-book with our teacher, if not with all his pupils. 'The Colloquies,' by which Erasmus is best known, is praised even by Mr. Butler as a literary composition, though he is perplexed by the freedoms taken with the Roman-catholic church. It is said that in the public library at Daventer are shown volumes of the works of Erasmus, in which the monks covered with thin paper all the passages in which the author had animadverted on the church of that time, and on the manners of the *religious*. The Sorbonne decided that 'the Colloquies contained many erroneous, scandalous, and impious positions;' and, but for the interference of Francis I., the faculty of theology at Paris would have adopted their decision. They were condemned by the Inquisition. At Paris and in other places editions have been published with the objectionable passages omitted. They have been translated into English by Bailey, Clarke, and L'Estrange. We have not room here even to mention his original writings; his prefaces, learned and eloquent, to classical and theological writers; his editions of Hecuba, and Iphigene, and Jerome; of

Suetonius, and Cicero, and Augustine; his Ciceronianus, and the controversies in which it involved him; his Letters, so varied in their topics, and in their style so natural as the pictures of his inward life, so illustrative of the literary revival, and of the religious revolution in which he took so prominent a part. All of them, to use Mr. Butler's language, 'display so much learning, ingenuity, spirit, fancy, science, and taste, and—that without which nothing is excellent,—*genius* so much abounds in them, that no works, either ancient or modern, are read with greater pleasure.' His substantial glory is, that of having published the *first printed* edition of the Greek New Testament, which he dedicated to Pope Leo X., and accompanied it with a new Latin version. The labour required for this work can be appreciated by but few even of the learned. He lived to publish five editions of the Greek Testament. In the first two, he did not insert the passage *of the three heavenly witnesses* (1 John v. 7). When reprehended for this omission, he offered to insert it in the next edition, if it should be found in a single manuscript. Afterward, the 'Codex Montfortianus,' now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, was found to contain it, when Erasmus fulfilled his pledge, and the passage was printed in the subsequent editions.

We owe so much to M. Nisard for his exquisitely written account of Erasmus, that we cannot refrain from correcting a small error into which he has fallen, respecting one of Erasmus's journeys to England. He reports, that 'the pirates,' as he calls the custom-house officers at Dover, searched his pockets, because the sumptuary laws of the country did not allow more than a fixed amount of *foreign money* to be introduced into England; whereas, according to Mr. Butler's more accurate statement, 'his friends having neglected to inform him that persons travelling *out of* England were only authorized to take with them a certain amount of *the current specie of the realm*, the custom-house officers stripped him of almost all he had. His own interest, and that of his friends, were exerted in vain to procure its restitution' (Butler, p. 64). We also agree with Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, who speaks of the 'beautiful and conscientious work of M. Nisard,' as appearing to him to be at fault in appreciation of Erasmus and of Luther. Erasmus, it is true, was earlier in the field of reform than Luther; but Luther went immeasurably further as he obtained more spiritual light. Erasmus had brighter literary talent, finer wit, more calmness and moderation; but Luther was more decidedly religious, more energetic, more daring. Erasmus prepared the way for Luther, who soon threw *him* into the shade.

Much of the labour of Erasmus was of a kind to introduce a higher order of education, in which independent treatises on all subjects would be composed in modern tongues, so as to super-



sede the best productions in a dead language. To use an ancient image, variously applied by poets from Cowley to Byron, his literary fame was pierced by an arrow feathered from his own wing. 'If I am not greatly mistaken,' he says, in his 'Treatise on Epistolary Writing,' 'the time fast approaches when the public will no longer stand in need of these instructions, and young men will no longer want my precepts.' Even his great work—'Adagia'—presenting in a golden and jewelled vase the distilled wisdom of the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman literature, which gave the impulse to the highest works of modern intelligence—'the magazine of Minerva' to which men resort as to the leaves of the sybil, said Budæus,—even that marvel of industry, scholarship, and taste, would scarcely be read in the present day for its own sake, however interesting, in collateral respects, to the lover of ancient erudition.

On the whole, we cannot do otherwise than cherish a hearty veneration for the memory of this glorious Erasmus, whose character we should essay in vain to sketch. His portrait by Holbein is preserved in the city which is honoured by his tomb; another portrait, by whom we know not, adorns the hall of Queen's College, Cambridge. But who shall draw the intellectual, moral, spiritual lineaments of a man, whose struggles for life began so early, pervaded so long a course of years the most remarkable in the development of civilization,—surrounded by contemporaries whose names are volumes and whose deeds are histories,—holding a middle course between popes, cardinals, monks, and priests on one side, and profound thinkers, earnest workers, impetuous reformers, and awakening peoples on the other;—a man who lived in fellowship with Rome, though lashing the vices of her clergy, and mocking the superstition of her votaries;—always complaining of poverty, yet maintaining his independence to the last, and bequeathing gold, silver, and jewels to his friends, but the bulk of his property, estimated at seven thousand ducats, to the poor;—tortured nearly all his days by gout or gravel, and often rambling over Europe, yet leaving works behind him that filled more than ten folio volumes, eulogized by cardinals, pontiffs, and monarchs, by Catholic, Protestant, and sceptic;—as learned as he was witty;—as humorous as he was plodding; uniting the patience of the drudge with the enthusiasm of genius;—a Catholic, but for protestant necessities and aspirations;—a Protestant, but for catholic alliances, calculations, prejudices, and conclusions;—a man standing entirely by himself; neither the slave of tradition nor the champion of freedom; marrying the past to the future, and guiding posterity to bolder thoughts, broader views, and more settled principles than his own; who believed much, but doubted more; whose

satirical smile cut beyond the reach of swords ; and whose life is in those works, which, though they have ceased to be read, have spread the influence of his thoughts far and wide, as the evening sky prolongs and radiates the light of the sun which has set behind the western hills ? We have lingered on the threshold of his obscure birth-place, among the busy tradesmen of a Dutch sea-port ; we have watched the rapid flow of the Rhine from the overlooking platform of the cathedral where his remains await the trump of God ; we have spent hours of sober luxury, days of earnest thought, beneath the shadows of his many-sided genius ; and, while we rejoice that his Romanism was frittered so much away by the Christian philosophy of which he was the great master, we shake the head in wonder and vexation, saying to ourselves,—‘After all, Erasmus, we know thee not : thou art to us a mere phantom, crossing the great European stage, of which the coarse and impetuous, but manly and transparent Luther was the hero.’—There have been men in Germany, in France, in England, of whom Erasmus was the type. It may be that all times have need of them, and all places. But as with Erasmus, so with the rest, the moment arrives when they must give way to the energetic and the pushing, who, not content with *ridiculing* the things that ought not to be, will lift up a strong arm and smite them to the dust.

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ART. VIII.—*The Life of Louis Kossuth, Governor of Hungary.*

With an Introduction, by Horace Greeley.<sup>2</sup> By P. C. Headley.

Auburn : Derby & Miller. 1852.

2. *Hungary and its Revolutions.* With a Memoir of Louis Kossuth.

By E. O. S. London : Henry G. Bohn. 1854.

AN elaborate essay on the history of political refugees and exiles, would be one of the most interesting and instructing chapters of the history of human civilization. Men belonging to these classes are generally the most energetic individuals of their country, not submitting meekly to their fate, but developing their mental and moral faculties more strongly under the pressure of misfortune. They have often introduced new methods of husbandry, new branches of industry, or a new range of ideas into the country which gave them an asylum. In times of antiquity many of them rose to the highest positions in the country of their adoption ; others became founders of colonies and of dynasties, and the most flourishing empires in both the hemispheres—Palestine and Athens, Rome and the United States—owe their origin to the classes deemed dangerous in their mother-country. Being

sons of an epoch when some languages embrace more than one nation, spread over many countries; when the result of researches and the experience of the scholar are rapidly diffused by the press all over the world, we have scarcely an idea of the difficulties by which science was communicated in the ancient world mainly by oral tradition.

We must, therefore, admire the grandeur of the means by which a bountiful Providence has pursued its aim—the gradual civilization of mankind. We see not only single men or families, but tribes and nations, leave their native country, either voluntarily, or compelled by foreign conquest; and exchange it for distant unknown regions, transplanting their manners and customs, their inherited and their acquired arts and industry, to foreign nations. The most striking and best-known instances of this kind are the migrations of the Hebrews: their exodus from Egypt; their forced transplantation to Assyria, Media, and Babylonia; their partial return to Palestine; their dispersion by the Romans, and their subsequent wanderings over the world. In a similar way, Assyrians were carried by the Scythes to Pontus and Paphlagonia, where their descendants were called Leucosyrians. Hyrcanians were transferred by the Persians to Thyatira; six thousand Egyptians by Cambyzes to Susiana; and Cyrenæans to Bactria in Asia. The barbarous customs of those epochs, of selling the prisoners of war, sometimes entire tribes, into slavery, and of introducing them, in this way, to the very heart of other nations, produced results, the bearing of which we can scarcely calculate, and which, though causing immense individual hardships, advanced on the whole the civilization and the development of mankind.

It was by Christian slaves, prisoners of war, that Christianity was introduced in Hungary; and the national crime of negro-slavery in republican America may yet become the means of civilizing and converting Africa, just in the same way as the expulsion of the Protestants from France by the Edict of Nantes built up the industrious prosperity of Switzerland and of Prussia, and the intolerance of England built up New England in America. Even in our days, we see the populations of Ireland, of the Celtic Highlands of Scotland, and of Southern and Western Germany, deemed entirely worthless or dangerous, a real nuisance in their own country, crossing the Atlantic, founding new states in America, and becoming the strength and pride of their new home. But besides this emigration of entire populations, there are always some distinguished individuals, men representative of their nationality, who, when driven from their country by a relentless enemy, do not amalgamate with the nations which offer them an asylum, but continue to work indefatigably for the



country of their birth. Only few of them were so fortunate as Aristides to get the opportunity, during his exile, of delivering his fatherland from the enemy. Many were recalled to their country by the course of events; and even in the present time, there are few leading men in Portugal, Spain, and France, who have not tasted the bitter bread of exile, who have not stood hopeless at the hearth of foreigners, sometimes repulsed by narrow-minded selfishness, and sometimes meeting with that friendly sympathy which soothes the pangs of the refugee. For the last sixty-five years, the sight of exiles has been familiar to Englishmen: French legitimists; Spanish and Portuguese constitutionalists; Italian and Polish patriots; German conservative statesmen; and, again, German and Hungarian republicans, have come in turn to the white shores of England; some soon to return to their country, others to go over to America; some to be absorbed by the powerful English nationality, others to exert an action on the people of England. Among all this motley crowd, there has been none who, from the first moment he set foot on our soil, has excited greater interest than Kossuth. He was abused and praised beyond measure; his steps were watched by the government, and criticized by the press. But both the hostile and the friendly papers agreed in one point—they treated him as an English statesman; it was less his past than his future career, less his influence in Hungary than that which he exercised on England and her policy that became the theme of philippics and panegyrics.

Whatever the opinion about the course he pursues and the measures he advocates, this much is sure, that no foreigner, and very few Englishmen, have acted more powerfully upon the English mind and feelings than he; that he has touched a chord whose vibrations find a response in every Englishman's heart. His words are listened to eagerly by the nation; they do not require translation from the inflated eloquence of an outraged exile into sober and business-like English prose. He speaks as Lord John Russell, the Earl of Derby, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli would speak, if they were as great orators and as consistent statesmen as Kossuth is. The career of the Hungarian chief has not been cut short by his flight from Hungary, and the death-warrant of the Austrian court-martial. His profound knowledge of history, and his mastery of the English language, were for him the lever of Archimedes, with which he still moves the world, though he has lost the native ground upon which he should stand. The exceptional position which he occupies, a foreigner who has an influence on nations not his own either by birth or adoption, must excite the curiosity of every philosophical mind to become acquainted with his

former life and actions, with the way in which his faculties have been developed, with the influence he has had on his native country. Even those who are indifferent to any other object than amusement will find their interest fully aroused by the dramatic episodes of his chequered life. It is, therefore, natural that his biography has been repeatedly written. Dr. Tefft, a distinguished clergyman in the United States, has always felt great sympathy for Kossuth and the cause of Hungary; and, during the time Kossuth was confined in Kutaya, the Doctor, from the scanty material at his command, and from the accounts of some Hungarian refugees, compiled three lectures on the History of Hungary and the Life of Kossuth, which he delivered before the Legislature of the State of Ohio, with a view of enlisting the vote of the State for the liberation of the Hungarian patriot. These lectures met with great success, and were revised and published in 1850.

The interest for Hungary increased soon after by Kossuth's presence in the United States; and the book, though containing many erroneous statements, arrived at its third edition. Mr. Headley published in 1852 a somewhat more correct 'Life of Louis Kossuth,' which, though more artistically written, is still full of serious mistakes. At the same time, Madame Pulszky wrote her 'Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady;' Klapka, his 'War in Hungary;' Görgey, his 'Life and Actions;' and Prince Windishgrätz, and the Austrian and Russian governments, had each published their official accounts of the operations in Hungary in 1849. Distinguished Hungarians wrote criticisms and reviews on these publications; the attack of Prince Eszterházy, Count Casimir Batthyany, and Bartholomew Szemere, on Kossuth, elicited several replies by other Hungarian statesmen. Important documents appeared in German and English papers, and in the blue books of the government. Materials for writing an impartial history of the Hungarian struggle were at last accessible to foreigners. An English author, who signs himself E. O. S., has studied these documents carefully, and, in a clear and unpretending, but forcible and manly style, gives us now a 'Memoir of Kossuth,' more satisfactory than the previous publications of Dr. Tefft and Mr. Headley. In the preface, we are informed that the chief object of the work is 'to give a true and correct relation of the life and character of Louis Kossuth, and especially to point out the principles by which he was guided before and after the Revolution of 1848. The introductory history is, therefore, little more than a compendium of such events as contributed to form the character of the Hungarian people, and conduced to the development of those laws and institutions by which Hungary claims to be considered an independent nation, capable of self-

government.' The narrative 'does not presume to plead the cause of Kossuth, but only to communicate facts, some of which have hitherto been unknown in this country, while others have been misstated. As actions can only be fairly judged when their motives are understood, those who would form a just estimate of the character of Kossuth must never lose sight of the main feature which distinguishes him, like the first William of Orange, Algernon Sydney, and George Washington, from most other great statesmen—viz., that he never stooped to expediency to obtain his object, however excellent, nor sacrificed one iota of the great principle of right even to establish right: for this cause he has had to contend against philanthropists as well as against tyrants, while striving to promote the moral before the material welfare of the people.' The author informs us, that he obtained many anecdotes from the kindness of a Hungarian gentleman, who was an eye-witness of much that is recorded in the narrative, though he took no active part in the political events of the period. A list of about twenty-five works, some on Hungarian history in general, others specially containing the principal features of the late Hungarian struggle, shows the great care with which the book has been written.

From the short history of Hungary, which forms the introduction to the Memoirs, we see that the county of Zemplén, where Kossuth was born and educated, belongs to those thirteen counties that were leagued together for the maintenance of civil and religious liberty, and rose five times in the course of a century, from 1604 to 1709, against the rule of Austria, often victorious, sometimes defeated.

The traditions of those struggles, which form the basis of the privileges of the Protestants in Hungary, must have acted powerfully on the imagination of Kossuth from his early youth. He was educated in the Calvinist College of Sáros Patak, formerly the seat of the Princes Rákoczy, the leaders of three rebellions. He practised law at Eperies, where the bloody court-martial of the Austrian general Caraffa, in 1687, filled the protestant party with horror and feelings of revenge. The Polish exiles who found shelter under the roof of Kossuth's mother in 1831, made the young man familiar with scenes of modern despotism, which has not changed its hideous features by the progress of civilization; they matured his resolution of struggling for liberty. Though his brilliant talents promised a successful career at the bar, he did not yield to the prospects of wealth and fame, but enlisted in the ranks of the Hungarian constitutional opposition, which, under the Austrian rule, never could entertain the hope of obtaining government trusts or appointments. We see him in 1832-6, writing his MS. news-letters from the Diet, for the publi-



cation of which he was imprisoned soon after the close of that assembly, and was tried for treason. His defence was unconstitutionally curtailed; the rules of the court were suspended by Cabinet orders; some of his judges resigned, others submitted to those orders, and he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment, after having been detained in prison two years previously to his trial. But the country became agitated, and his trial brought about a ministerial crisis in 1839, more favourable to constitutional liberty. An amnesty was published in 1840, and he was allowed to edit a daily paper in Pest, subject, of course, to censorship. Fettered by the stupidity and ill-will of the censor, he continued to denounce the encroachments of the Austrian government; preached the emancipation of the peasants, and agitated for the abolition of the immunity of the aristocracy from paying direct taxes. The Austrian party and the conservative aristocracy, did their utmost to crush him; and even a portion of the liberals, who had adopted the system of the French *doctrinaires*, and English whigs, in favour of centralization, and government by boards and commissioners, opposed him with unmeasured violence. Still his hold on the hearts of the people was too strong. He overcame all difficulties, and though not connected with wealth, or with the titled nobility, he was elected member for the county of Pesth, to the Diet of 1847.

Here begins the most brilliant episode of his eventful life. Leader of the opposition, he carried the emancipation of the peasants in the House of Representatives. Seizing the moment of the French revolution, he insisted on the consolidation of the ancient legal independence of the Hungarian government from the Vienna Cabinet; and the Vienna revolution, and the flight of Prince Metternich, rendered the resistance of the court impossible. Repairing to Vienna he calmed the excited population of the capital, and returned first responsible minister of finances in Hungary, and principal member of the administration of the unfortunate Count Louis Batthyany.

The first measure of the ministry was the abolition of all the feudal burdens which still oppressed the Hungarian peasant. Six hundred thousand families of bondsmen, nearly as many as there are at present slaves in the United States, owe their freedom to Kossuth's eloquence and perseverance; and the force of this example freed in the ensuing four months the peasants of Galicia, Moravia, and Bohemia, and the German provinces of the Austrian empire. Thus the Hungarian chief has done more for liberty than all the abolitionists of England combined. This fact should be remembered when the course pursued by Kossuth in America is subjected to censure.

The perfidy of Austria, and the heroic struggle of Hungary,

in 1848 and 1849, are too well known to be recapitulated. Kossuth was the soul of the glorious defence of his country, and even after its downfall he has not ceased to work for it. Who in England knew anything about Hungary before Kossuth made her popular as household words? Even Lord Palmerston, against the testimony of history, declared, in 1848, that the British government had no knowledge of Hungary but as part of the Austrian empire! Long after the fate of Hungary was decided by the treachery of Görgey and the surrender of Világos, the interest of the public, aroused by the heroic struggle of the people, was kept alive by the thrilling incidents of Kossuth's career. His hospitable reception by the Turks; the barbarous summons of Austria and Russia on the Sultan for the surrender of the Hungarian refugees; the hesitation of the Divan; its proposal to Kossuth to turn Mussulman, as the only means of foiling the two great Christian empires; Kossuth's prompt and dignified refusal, when even Bem yielded to the temptation; the Sultan's magnanimous resolution to shield his guests at the risk of war; the advice of Lord Palmerston to send the Hungarians to some distant part of Asia; their transportation to Kutaya; the imprisonment of Kossuth's mother and children in Hungary; the escape of Madame Kossuth; the surrender of the children to the Turks; the noble offer of the Congress of the United States to carry the exiled Hungarians to America, putting a government steam-frigate at their disposal;—all this, and so many other incidents, of which we find the record in E. O. S.'s delightful pages, endeared Kossuth and the Hungarians to the English nation. When at last, in October, 1851, he arrived in Southampton, he was received, not as a foreigner, but as one of ourselves.

It is not our present object to enter into the merits of Kossuth's eloquence. We have done him justice, in this respect, long since. It is with the statesman, not with the orator, that we have now to deal; not with the form of his speeches, but with their argument. It is remarkable that, though attacked by Austrian calumnies, which had found their way into many of our newspapers, he never condescended to vindicate his own character; he pleaded exclusively the cause of his down-trodden country, not his own. From the fulness of his heart he returned thanks for the sympathy of the English nation. He spoke of Hungary and her wrongs; but, contrary to public expectation, he did not ask for aid and external support. He maintained, in explicit terms, that every nation has the right of settling her own internal affairs, and that no nation has the right to interfere with the domestic affairs of her neighbours. It was therefore the principle of the strictest non-intervention which he preached with unwearied energy; invoking foreign aid only as far as it might be

necessary for checking foreign intervention. He did not complain of Austria; if Hungary, singlehanded, could not resist her oppressor, she had to submit, and not to risk the life and fortune of millions in a struggle without the chance of success. But he complained of Russia interfering in Hungary in aid of Austria, and of the government of England, which did not even protest against the French intervention in favour of the pope, and the Russian interference in favour of Austrian despotism,—nay, which found both those fatal expeditions within the pale of European public law, and not contrary to the interests of England. Non-intervention is the theme of all Kossuth's speeches; all he required for Hungary from the liberal governments of the world was, to let the Hungarians fight their own battles, and to prevent foreign governments from interfering in the struggle.

During his remarkable crusade in America, from December, 1851, to July, 1852, he expounded his doctrine before the Congress of the United States; and the legislatures and inhabitants of about fourteen States received and treated him as the guest of the nation, with the same honours as Lafayette, the hero of the American and French revolutions, when, in 1826, he paid a visit to the country for whose liberty he had, in youth, staked his fortunes and his life. Kossuth's triumphant progress from New York to Louisiana, and back to New England, had, besides many others, one great result, which future historians will better appreciate than the chronicler of our day. He has roused the self-consciousness of the American people. It was not necessary to tell them that they are a great nation, since this is the common boast of every American; but he told them that their power and their importance enable them to take a seat in the great council of nations, and to give up that isolation recommended by the founders of the Transatlantic republic, during the early growth and consolidation of the States. He proclaimed that the time had come, mentioned by Washington in one of his letters, when the United States would be able, in a just cause, to defy all the powers of Europe; and his burning words fell upon a fertile soil. If, in a few years, American vanity should be transformed, and should become American pride, it will be easy to trace such transformation greatly to the impression which Kossuth has left on the American mind.

Returned from the United States, he lived retired in London, avoiding publicity; but he was dragged into public notice once more by the undignified surveillance under which he was kept by the Home Office, at Notting-hill and Alpha-road. Disguised policemen introduced themselves into his house; informers paid by the Austrian embassy tried to bring him before the police courts of London; and the organ of government assailing his character in the most savage way, recalled his name to the memory of the



nation, and awakened, in 1853, the sympathies of England for the illustrious martyr of civil and religious liberty in Hungary.

It is up to this point that E. O. S. has carried the sketch of Kossuth's life in a most creditable manner, with calm impartiality and sound judgment.

The course of events has at length induced Kossuth once more to step before the nation as an English statesman and orator. In the United States he often predicted the imminent conflict between Russia and Turkey, and foretold a European war in consequence; and his prophecy, not believed at the time, began to be fulfilled in 1853. Russia, alarmed by the progressive consolidation of Turkish reforms, claimed a protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Sultan, and occupied the principalities as a material guarantee. In spite of all the efforts of European diplomacy, the question could not be settled amicably. Turkey declared war, in autumn of last year, in spite of Lord Aberdeen's attempts to maintain peace. But the war has been carried on by diplomacy rather than by the arms of the Western alliance, whose chief object has been to isolate Russia in Europe, by enlisting her former allies, Austria, Prussia, and the German powers, so that the Czar might be forced, by the hostile attitude of Europe, to yield to the conditions of England and France.

The English and French governments have evidently been afraid of the possibility of popular movements, by which the war might be extended beyond the narrow limits of a struggle in the Danubian principalities. In order, therefore, not to give umbrage to the jealous dispositions of central Europe, Turkey, whose excellent army was devoid of good and effective officers, was not permitted to avail herself of Hungarian and Polish officers in Europe. The formation of a Polish legion was thwarted by the compliance of England with the wishes of Austria; the Sultan was bound not to allow Kossuth and his friends to land in Turkey, and instead of availing himself of the national elements in Russian Poland, which would have proved the most powerful diversion for Turkey in the rear of the enemy, to confide entirely to the wisdom of European diplomacy. It was under these circumstances that Kossuth, invited by the inhabitants of Sheffield, Nottingham, Glasgow, and the Potteries, delivered a series of speeches, which, for their calm firmness, clear exposition, and statesman-like views, have no equals among all his former much-applauded orations. His object is to show that the policy of our government, in making Austria the arbiter of the struggle before she has exerted herself for Turkey, or even broken off friendly intercourse with the Czar, has been from the beginning a serious blunder, involving the loss of English blood and of English treasures. The alliance of Austria, Kossuth maintains, is worth-

less as a means of preserving the integrity and independence of the Turkish empire ; for, should her power be patched up by the efforts of England and France, she would become just as encroaching towards Turkey as Russia has been, coveting the Danubian principalities, interfering with the domestic administration of Turkey, and endeavouring to check the development of the Ottoman empire. The independence of Poland and Hungary alone, he asserts, can form an efficient barrier against Russia, shielding Turkey from aggression, and being, at the same time, innocuous to English and French interests. He therefore denounces the policy of our government, not from the refugee point of view, but as opposed, in his judgment, to the real interests of England. He does not claim sympathy for Hungary, but he claims the reconstruction of Poland and of Hungary, as the only means of bringing the present war to a happy issue for England. He does not attack the Austrian alliance for its immorality, but for its insufficiency in the present crisis, because it prevents the allies from taking those measures which would most surely curb the pride and the power of the Czar. When Kossuth began his agitation two or three months since, it was only the novelty of his views which made some impression on the public. Men did not understand why the support of one more ally should not be accepted. The most influential organs of the press, and the most important members of the government had put the case in this form, and there were few who thought that Austria was not ready to join the Western alliance. Prussian duplicity, and the financial embarrassments of Austria, were put forward as the only causes of her protracted hesitation. But whilst Kossuth was continuing his agitation, the plans of Austria became more patent and more suspected. Francis Joseph did not send his troops into Moldo-Wallachia in July, though, by the treaty of the 14th of June, he had bound himself to do so, and though, from that day, his ambassador in Turkey assumed a most overbearing manner, and succeeded in extorting from the Divan a promise of reinstalling the treacherous hospodars of the principalities who had favoured the Russian invasion, and when summoned to appear at the court of their sovereign, had fled to Vienna. Still no rupture has taken place with the Czar, whose ambassador remains at Vienna ; and we are officially told by the Austrian government, that even the occupation of Moldo-Wallachia by her troops will not involve a state of hostility against Russia. Austria, therefore, is only to shield the Russian army in its retreat, to prevent the belligerent parties from meeting, and therefore to enable the Czar to concentrate all his forces in the Crimea. Such a result has already borne out the warnings of Kossuth, who knows sufficiently the weakness of Austria, and therefore is convinced that an Austrian declaration of war against

the Emperor of Russia would be soon followed by the triumphant entry of a Russian army in Vienna, rousing Hungary and the Austrian provinces, though not in the interest of liberty, but in the interest of Panslavism and of Russian aggrandizement.

Several months before Kossuth began his agitation, in an article on Austrian policy, we showed the danger and almost certain ruin of the Austrian empire, by declaring for either of the two antagonistic parties in the Turkish war. We then expressed our opinion, that the only safe policy for Austria was a strict neutrality, friendly to the Czar, though always accompanied with the most explicit declarations of her desire to join the Western powers. Her past conduct forces upon her such shameful double dealing and shuffling behaviour. To rely upon her words will prove most dangerous both to Turkey and to the allies. Should the future force her to declare either for or against Russia, her declaration would become the signal for an extension of the present war along the banks of the Danube, and perhaps of the Rhine. A speedy settlement of the Oriental question, which might have been attained in April last, when Russia was less prepared for resistance, has become now impossible, by the tergiversation of the Cabinet of Vienna. The suspicion aroused in England, to which Kossuth's masterly analysis of the real position and policy of Austria has greatly contributed, may possibly prevent the disasters which can scarcely be avoided if our government continues the credulity which has hitherto slackened military operations, and thus prevented the speedy and triumphant conclusion of a contest, which all lament, but the necessity of which is admitted by all intelligent and impartial bystanders.

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### Brief Notices.

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*Germany, from 1760 to 1814; or, Sketches of German Life, from the Decay of the Empire to the Expulsion of the French.* By Mrs. Austin. 12mo. pp. 464. London: Longman & Co.

Mrs. AUSTIN is entitled to speak with authority on German matters. She is not only familiar with the language, but has resided many years in the country. Her acquaintance with its most distinguished men, both political and literary, is extensive; and her previous works have established her reputation as an intelligent and sound-minded writer. Aversion to Napoleonism, and great confidence in the *future* of Germany, are conspicuous throughout her volume, which is written in an eminently pleasing and attractive style. The materials composing the work are drawn chiefly from three articles, which appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in 1842, 1844, and 1847,



with some parts of an article printed in the 'British and Foreign Review,' and an unpublished paper, which was intended as a sequel. These papers, with some additional matter, are here worked up into a continuous whole, which, certainly, to use Mrs. Austin's own words, will 'not be wholly unwelcome to the English public.' The volume is designed to illustrate 'the influence of the social and domestic life of a nation on the great collective life called its history; and on the other hand, the effect of the political character and fortunes of a nation on the lives and characters of individuals.' The period through which the volume extends possesses a more than romantic interest, and the light thrown on its troubled as well as on its brighter features, renders it as instructive as it is pleasing. The author has drawn her elucidations from an endless variety of sources. Skilful use is made of the autobiographies which have recently so multiplied in Germany. A vast range of reading has been laid under tribute, and the whole is presented in a compact and chastened form, which prevents weariness, whilst it ministers largely to a reader's knowledge. We do not accept the volume as a complete historical disquisition or narrative. This is not the character which it assumes. But as a combination of side-lights, skilfully adapted to produce an accurate conception of the period in question, its value is unequalled. We have read it with very sincere gratification, and strongly recommend it to our readers.

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*History of the Ottoman Empire.* From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By William Deans. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 320. London and Edinburgh: Fullarton & Co.

THIS volume has been prepared to meet the demand which has arisen for information respecting the history and government of Turkey. It is well suited to its purpose, and within narrow limits furnishes much of the knowledge required. A complete history of the empire founded by Othman would occupy many years' labor, and would necessarily extend to many volumes. Mr. Deans' work makes no pretensions to this. It is a condensed history in a form easily accessible. In its compilation, 'the author has consulted those writers whose works have received the sanction of public opinion; and although he has been able only to depict the leading features of Turkish history, he hopes that the work now given to the public will not be uninteresting.' On this point Mr. Deans may rest satisfied. The details which he has furnished cannot be read without deep interest, and they disclose a moral which invests them with permanent value.

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*Notes of a Traveller on the Social and Political State of Switzerland, Italy, and other parts of Europe, during the Present Century.* By Samuel Laing, Esq. First Series. London: Longman & Co.

A BETTER selection for the 'Travellers' Library' could not have been made. Mr. Laing's qualities as a traveller are well known, and his numerous works have attracted towards him no inconsiderable measure of public confidence. We are glad to see his productions issued in a form which renders them generally accessible. The present reprint

constitutes Nos. LXV. and LXVI. of the Messrs. Longman's deservedly popular serial. In the preparation of this work, Mr. Laing has collected 'materials for the future historian and philosopher who shall endeavour to describe or estimate the new social elements in Europe which are springing from and covering the ashes of the French Revolution.'

### Review of the Month.

THE RELIGIOUS PUBLIC MUST PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR A THOROUGH SIFTING OF THE SUNDAY QUESTION. Many circumstances indicate this necessity. Loose and vague notions will not suffice to meet the crisis which is approaching. Religious men must think closely and deliberately. Their most settled judgments on this subject must be reviewed. The evidence from which their convictions have resulted must be subjected to the severest scrutiny, and must be so perfectly at command that they may be prepared at any time, and under any circumstances, to justify their procedure. The generalities which are frequently substituted for thought cannot meet the demand which is arising. Intelligent men turn from such loose talk with contemptuous indifference, and many advocates of relaxation will be strengthened by it in their anti-sabbatarian views. We therefore earnestly counsel our readers to mature their own convictions by a thorough examination of the Sunday question. Let their views be clear, consistent, and masculine, and no fear need then be entertained for the interests which are threatened. We make these remarks in consequence of two or three circumstances which have recently occurred. Amongst these are Mr. Hume's motion for admitting the public on Sunday *afternoons* to the National Institutions; the obvious intention of the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company to open their establishment on Sunday; and last, though not least, the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Public Houses.

Mr. Hume's motion is strangely misconceived by some of its advocates. Of this the 'Daily News' furnishes an example. 'Mr. Hume,' says that journal, 'merely asks the House to record its opinion, that it is expedient to allow these exhibitions to be open to public inspection *after* morning services on Sundays, at *such hours* as the public-houses and the gin-shops are allowed by law to be open on those days.' So far from this being the case, the Report of the Public Houses Committee shuts up the Museum and other National Institutions at the very time that it reopens the tap-room. The directors of the Crystal Palace have deferred, not abandoned, their intention. The opinion of the Solicitor-General, that the charter of the Company would be invalidated by an admission of the shareholders, has decided them to relinquish their intention *for the present*. In the meantime, the matter assumes a much more serious aspect from the Report of the Commons Committee on Public Houses, which we do not hesitate to brand as one of the most anti-Christian and demoralizing state docu-

ments ever issued by the British legislature. 'The Book of Sports' was issued by James and Charles on the authority of the Crown, but this Report, proceeding from a Committee of the Commons House, contemplates a greater change, and is fraught with more serious peril, than the flagitious proclamation of the Stuarts. The Committee was appointed to report whether any amendment of the law respecting houses of entertainment could be made 'for the better preservation of public morals;' and the best advice they can tender is contained in the following extract from their Report:—

'The system that suffers the singing saloons of Manchester and Liverpool, and Cremorne and the Eagle Tavern Gardens, to be open on the Sunday, and shuts in the face of all but the proprietors, and those who may have free admission, the gardens of the Zoological Society, and the vast and varied school of 'ocular instruction,' provided within the grounds and building of the Crystal Palace, is scarcely consistent. But there are other places of public instruction, the complete closing of which throughout the Sunday seems to your Committee still less excusable. The National Gallery, the British and Geological Museums, the exhibitions at Marlborough and Gore House, and other places of public instruction, are paid for by the nation; and it does not seem to your Committee reasonable that these places should be closed upon the only day that it is possible for the majority of the population to visit them without serious loss.'

Our readers will be surprised to learn that this Committee contained at least one member who might have been expected to sympathize with the religious view of the question. We cannot doubt but that he did so, and shall be glad to learn that Sir George Goodman dissented from the Report before us. Happily this Report is not law, and we have such faith in the religious sentiments of the nation as to feel assured that it never can become such. We admit, with the Committee, that the present system 'is scarcely consistent;' but why on this account adopt the conclusion of the Report? Consistency will be equally maintained by closing the public house, whilst the morals of the community will be vastly advantaged by it. This has been done in Scotland, and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh assures us that a marked improvement has followed. Drunkenness, with its consequent crimes, has greatly diminished. The necessity for a measure of equal stringency in England is too obvious to need enforcement. In Manchester, an investigation has been instituted extending over 1456 spirit vaults, beer, and public houses, and it was found that 212,243 visits were paid them on a single Sunday, of which 22,232 were by children. 'The testimony,' we are informed, 'is universal, that the greatest amount of drinking takes place on Saturday night, and during the hours that the houses are allowed by law to be open on Sunday.' In another part of the Report we are informed 'that there are more persons in the public houses and beer shops of Marylebone during the hours of divine service, on Sunday evening, than there are in all the churches and chapels in the parish.' A large number of publicans are in favor of their houses being closed on Sunday, and many of them have petitioned parliament in support of the measure. In the face, however, of all this, regardless alike of the scruples of religious men,



and of the terrible evils flowing from the present system, the Committee on Public Houses recommend their being opened on that portion of the day when they are most likely to be filled; and they would increase the evil by giving a national sanction to the desecration of the day. Truly, religious men should bestir themselves when their legislators are intent on such mischief. As to the talk about the moral benefits which will accrue to the poorer classes from the Crystal Palace and our National Institutions being opened on Sundays, it is all *leather and prunella*. We hate cant in any form, but of all types of it the worst is that which under a religious form is provocative of impiety and demoralization.

THE MAYNOOTH GRANT WAS AGAIN INTRODUCED ON THE 3RD BY MR. SPOONER. The occasion was the House going into Committee on the Public Revenue and Consolidated Fund Charges Bill, and the form in which Mr. Spooner submitted the question was an addition to Schedule B, which enumerates the salaries and payments to be provided for by annual votes. The bill is a good one, and is regarded as a concession by the liberal party. It was therefore impolitic, to say the least, to persist in a proposition which threatened its safety, as it arrayed against Mr. Spooner the feeling of many who would otherwise have supported him. Having previously divided the House without success, it was unwise to lose the advantage of that division when it was evident that the bill would be abandoned by the government if Mr. Spooner's amendment were carried. From the moment this was evident, he ought to have altered his course. Notice of a substantive motion would have better accorded with the case than the course which was pursued. Intent on securing the bill, many members, as hostile to the Maynooth grant as Mr. Spooner himself, voted with the government, and his motion was consequently lost by a majority of 65: the numbers being, in favor, 43; and against, 108.

PARLIAMENT WAS PROROGUED ON THE 12TH BY THE QUEEN IN PERSON. Large expectations were entertained at the commencement of the session, but the language of complaint is now all but universal. In this we cannot fully concur. The war in which we are engaged has arrested many useful measures, and has been a convenient pretext for the non-production of others. This is as we expected. It is an inevitable evil which we must be content to submit to, and which will continue until the struggle is brought to a close. Few parliamentary sessions probably have been closed with less regret than that of 1854. The character of Lord Aberdeen's administration rendered disappointment inevitable, whilst the breaking out of war has served to diminish the expectations which might otherwise have been held. On the whole, however, we think that justice is scarcely rendered to the session. Many expectations have been disappointed; some good bills have been abandoned; the ministry have been defeated in some of their best measures; notorious and crying wrongs, like the Irish Church, have been untouched; and there has been a want of union, confidence, and large-mindedness, in the friends of progress which we regret. But notwithstanding all this, there have been some redeeming features in the session, the majority of which are not noticed in the Queen's speech. To Englishmen generally, the session, though

far from satisfactory, has points of strong interest, and the future historian will recur to it, as illustrating some momentous principles intimately connected with our constitutional progress. 'It found the House of Commons high in the confidence of the country; it leaves it shaken in public estimation, and justly diffident of its power to execute the functions it has undertaken. Our government has suffered in character, and no one seems to have gained by its loss. Both parties are perceptibly weaker, and the plot of the political drama seems as far from its catastrophe as ever.'

We need not recapitulate our monthly summaries to prove that the prestige of the session rests with the dissenters. The government has failed; the opposition has failed; the Protestants have failed; the Catholics have failed. It is the one standing consolation of an unsuccessful opposition, to exult over the annual catalogue of abandoned measures; but this year the ministerial sacrifices have been so severe as to have left little but office to lose. Lord John's proverbial 'tact' has given the Jews a defeat in the House of Commons. His Reform Bill fell flat upon the country; and the defeat of the Scotch Education Bill may not improbably mark the commencement of a new policy of concession to the voluntaries.

The ministry have lost ground sensibly. But their successors are not looked for in the opposition benches. Their occupants have neither opposed nor asserted a policy; their attack has been directed against the measures of finance, and the conduct of the war. In all the discussions on the first, they have been ignominiously defeated; while, on the second, they have exhibited too obvious a dependence upon the chapter of accidents—scraping together a from-hand-to-mouth existence out of the misquotations of debate—to carry with them the sympathies of the country. Their leader has suffered in public estimation, and they have suffered in the person of their leader. All look with eagerness to the sentiments, and even the silence, of a man who has proved himself able to guide discussion into the regions of high policy; but no one knows, or cares to know, of his utterances when he has shown himself still more willing to sweep up the mere scavengery of debate. The government have lost nothing by the opposition: it is not uncommon to hear the opinion expressed, that they have rather gained. The fact that the leading members of the late government were not admitted, along with some of their subordinates, into the present ministry, has certainly placed the coalition before the country with an appearance of distinctive policy which their measures have not sustained. This is not satisfactory. If Lord Derby's was a ministry upon sufferance, Lord Aberdeen's should not be a government upon false pretences.

Descending to the subdivisions of party, the contest between the Protestants *par excellence* and the Roman Catholics, which has occupied much of the session, has resulted nearly in a drawn battle; with this advantage, perhaps, to the former, that they have gained points if they have not advanced principles. The Catholics have entirely failed in their endeavour, willing as the government notoriously was to aid them, to obtain a share in the privileges accorded to the State Church.

Serjeant Shee's motion for a redistribution of the Irish Church Revenues fell through from mere inanition; while Mr. Spooner's vigilance defeated Lord Palmerston's concession to Mr. Lucas, in regard to prison chaplaincies. Mr. Fagan's attempt to abolish ministers' money nearly extorted from Sir John Young a larger instalment than he had offered, and would probably have succeeded had it been undertaken later. It was the first movement of the session in which the dissenting organization was brought to bear, and when, consequently, it did not command the influence acquired by the Church-rate and University successes.

The Protestant policy, as led by Mr. Spooner, Mr. Whiteside, and Mr. Chambers, has been one of direct attack, and has unquestionably told. The fall of Maynooth has been greatly accelerated, and if Messrs. Whiteside and Chambers have been defeated, their opponents have lost ground by the manner of their defence. The House is amply indulgent to a pertinacious resistance when the issues raised at each point are really distinct, but has no tolerance for repeated divisions and protracted speeches when its opinion has been already distinctly pronounced, and the only effect is to consume time. A comparison of the seven divisions on the Ministers' Money bill with the six divisions against Mr. Chambers will illustrate our meaning. Many who opposed him uniformly on the main question, voted with him on all the motions for adjournment; while Sir John Young hardly obtained one desertion in favor of a single clause of his bill.

Yet if asked as to the relative probabilities of success in another session between the three champions we have named, we apprehend no one acquainted generally with the sense of the House, and certainly no one versed in the division lists, would hesitate to give the precedence to Mr. Spooner. Not because of the numerical amount of his majority, for it was smaller than any of those of Mr. Chambers; and certainly not, we take it, because he succeeded while the latter failed; for the balance of facility is obvious between carrying a committee of inquiry and expunging an item from the estimates. The Roman-catholic leaders are themselves conscious of Mr. Spooner's advantage, and are almost avowedly preparing to surrender the main object of his attack. Messrs. Chambers and Whiteside—assuming their policy to be right in itself—are open to the objection (a very potent one with the majority probably of those whose support they seek) that they are re-introducing the abandoned system of special legislation against the Roman-catholic religion. Mr. Spooner's motions involve nothing more than the denial of special favor to the Roman-catholic religion. The object of all these gentlemen is the same. In Mr. Spooner's mind, no doubt, the emphatic word in the sentence is 'Roman Catholic;' but his actual propositions have been such as to secure the assent of all those who object to the system of making religious belief in any form a ground of state-action. Accordingly, while in Mr. Chambers's divisions are to be found no English nonconformist names but those of Challis, Crossley, Heywood, and Pellatt, in support of Mr. Spooner's were to be found the entire ranks of the voluntaries. The Protestant party are therefore likely, we believe, to gain their point, but they will sacrifice their principle. Maynooth will fall, and it will fall the sooner for the



events of the session, but not as a national endowment of popery, but as the main outwork of the Protestant establishment. It will carry with it the Irish *regium donum*; and the destruction of the two will render the longer continuance of the Irish church on anything like its present footing well nigh impossible. Once touched, and the rest is a question of time.

'The separation of church and state,' said Lord Winchelsea, 'has begun already.' Yet a liberal cabinet has been constructed, with the foreknowledge of the results of the census, in which it was thought a safe basis to ignore the dissenting element in its calculations of future policy. The basis was even assented to generally, after Mr. Mann's report had been published. Last February, who believed that a Church-rate abolition bill would be carried to a second reading, by a private member, against the government, and would only be lost at that step by the invincible disbelief of a few of its undoubted friends of the possibility of success? Who, in March, supposed that Mr. Heywood's clauses in the Oxford bill would receive any other than a decorous extinction? Who, in June, believed that the Lords would pass them with scarcely a division? Forming the most sober estimate, we have done much—too much for things to remain as they are. At the moment of Mr. Heywood's success, a prevailing 'liberal' opinion was expressed as being one of 'astonishment and dislike.' We believe this largely. Men of this class find themselves in presence of a wholly new power. They know not whereto it will grow, save that it bodes no good to institutions which they value mainly for having kept it at bay so long. They have abstained doggedly from aiding in its late progress; they will, if they can, now resist its further extension, and return it to its former inefficiency. To keep what they have gained, the dissenters have still much more to do.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR, THOUGH UNSATISFACTORY TO MANY, IS NOT WANTING IN INTEREST. The Russians have been compelled to evacuate the Principalities, and Austrian troops have taken their place. We do not regard this with much pleasure. As intimated in another place, it will enable the Czar to concentrate his troops on the defence of the Crimea, and may, therefore, aid the policy of Russia rather than of Turkey. We should like to know what the Turkish government thinks of the step. We do not refer to its public and official acts. Foreign influence may dictate these, but we have so settled a mistrust of Austria, her relation to the Czar is so full of suspicion, and her past course towards Turkey has been so hostile, that we regard her entrance on the Principalities as fraught with future perplexity and danger. One thing, however, is obvious. The Russian army has been defeated by the Sultan's troops. Again and again the fortune of war has been tried, and in every instance the result has been disastrous to the Russians. They have therefore relinquished the Principalities from a sheer impossibility of retaining them. The affectation of deference for Austria is too obvious to be mistaken. The language of the Czar has become less imperious and haughty, but his untruthfulness is as conspicuous as ever. Notes have been exchanged between the courts of Vienna, Paris, and London, the tenor of which

is clearly indicated in the despatches of the French minister, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and of our own Foreign Secretary. The import of these papers is identical, their variations are of secondary moment. The three empires have agreed that the existence of Turkey cannot be maintained, nor the relations of Russia and the Porte be re-established on a solid and enduring basis :—

1. 'Unless the Russian protectorate of the Principalities of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia be discontinued, and the privileges secured to those provinces of the Sultan be placed under the collective guarantee of Europe.

2. 'Unless the navigation of the Danube, at its mouths, be freed from all obstacles.

3. 'Unless the treaty of the 13th of July, 1841, be revised in the interest of the balance of power of Europe.

4. 'Unless the Russian claim to the official protectorate of the Christian subjects of the Porte be given up.'

The objects of the war are thus clearly defined, so far as state-papers can do this, and were our faith in Austria as strong as our conviction of the import of her treaties is clear, we should have no doubt of the issue. We hope we may be in error, but as yet we do not believe in the sincerity of Austria. Prussia has withdrawn from the Western Powers. We have long expected this ; and if Austria be what we fear, it would be well if she had done the same.

In the Black Sea a formidable armament is preparing. Its destination is said to be the Crimea, and before this it has probably arrived at the point of disembarkation. Its departure has been retarded by the want of siege *matériel*, and especially by that terrible scourge the cholera, which has broken out with fearful virulence amongst the soldiers. The French are reported to have lost 7000, and ourselves about one-third of that number. Ere long we shall receive intelligence respecting this expedition which will give a more definite view to public expectation, and in the meantime we repeat the hope, which we have frequently expressed, that the lives of our countrymen may not be needlessly exposed. We are glad that our troops are to be removed from their present unhealthy encampments, and to be employed in more active service than they have hitherto seen. We shall be sorry, however, to learn that an immediate attack on Sebastopol is contemplated, unless, indeed, it be found, on a nearer inspection of its defences, that they are less formidable than have been represented. So far as we can judge, it seems absolutely needful to the future safety of Turkey that the Crimea, with the fortifications of Sebastopol, should be wrested from Russia. We shall therefore be glad to find that this is the object contemplated, but we hope that a cautious regard to life will temper the heroism of our troops. The bravery of French and English soldiers is undoubted, and their lives, therefore, need not be jeopardied in rash or merely adventurous enterprises.

In the Baltic Sea an achievement of no little importance has been effected. The Aland Islands, lying between Sweden and Finland, have been occupied. A large body of French soldiers, accompanied by English and French marines, have reduced the forts of

Bomarsund, with very little loss of life. Two thousand Russian soldiers have been taken captives, and the independence of the group of islands has been proclaimed. This event is, on many accounts, of considerable importance. 'It has entirely destroyed,' writes an eye-witness, 'the illusion about granite walls being impregnable; for, though the fort looked most solid and unapproachable, a few hours' firing completed its destruction.' The experience of the English troops in attacking Fort Hottich was the same. 'The large blocks of granite which formed the face of the fort, and in appearance offered an immense resistance, fell out in masses; and the rubble with which the wall was filled tumbled out in heaps.' There is no reason to suppose that the materials employed in the construction of the fortifications of Cronstadt and Sebastopol are different from those used in the Aland Isles, and our commanders may, therefore, probably be encouraged to try their metal against the former.

But, apart from this, the surrender of Bomarsund will probably have much influence in determining the policy of Sweden. The fort of Bomarsund was only about twenty-five miles distant from the Swedish coast, and it is not, therefore, surprising that the Court of Stockholm should have hesitated to commit itself with so formidable a demonstration of Russian power in its immediate neighbourhood. The case, however, is now altered; and we are informed that the French general, with Mr. Grey, Secretary of the English Legation, proceeded immediately to Stockholm, with a view, it is supposed, of negotiating an alliance with the Swedish government.

The special importance of this event, however, is the proof it affords of the resolve of the Western powers to proceed with greater activity and determination. In proclaiming the Aland Islands independent, under the protection of England and France, they have fairly thrown away the scabbard, and we trust there will be no relentings or looking back. The season for military operations is, indeed, far advanced, but much may yet be done to cripple the resources and humble the pride of the Czar before the troops retire to winter quarters. The more prompt and decided our measures, the speedier the relief we shall obtain from the evils and sacrifices of war.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION HAS PROCEEDED BETTER THAN WE ANTICIPATED. From former experience, we feared that it would result in a mere change of ministry. The character of General O'Donnell did not inspire us with confidence, whilst the notorious corruption and selfishness of the leading politicians of Spain led us to regard the movement with other than sanguine expectation. Our hopes have been so frequently disappointed in the peninsula; cliqueship is so predominant there; political wisdom and genuine patriotism are so little known, that we had serious misgivings when intelligence first reached us of the military insurrection of O'Donnell. Happily, however, events have taken a favorable turn. The influence of General Dulce has been beneficially exerted; and the popular element forced into the movement has at length called out Espartero, in whose integrity and clear-sightedness we have more confidence than in any other Spaniard of the day. The Spanish people



are in advance of the *Grandeos*. There is more right-mindedness and patriotism amongst them than with their statesmen. As soon, therefore, as an appeal was made to constitutional principles, the response became universal and hearty. The people cared little about a mere change of ministers. They had seen faction succeed to faction without conferring any benefit on themselves, and were consequently indifferent to O'Donnell's enterprise, until they saw that it afforded an opportunity of establishing their own rights, by restoring the political privileges of which they had been deprived. Espartero is now the real leader of the revolution. He is deficient in determination and energy, but no one doubts his attachment to constitutional freedom. The character of the movement is at length determined by the publication of a decree for a meeting of the Cortes. Until this decree was issued, some uncertainty existed. Its publication, however, invests with the dignity of a revolution what might otherwise have been a mere change of ministers. The decree enacts,—‘1. That the Cortes of the kingdom, with the character of constituent, and consisting only of the Congress (Chamber of Deputies), shall meet at Madrid on the 8th of November of the present year. 2. That a deputy shall be elected for every 35,000 souls. 3. That the elections shall take place according to the law of 20th July, 1837, but with the modifications that there shall not be any substitutes—that the elections shall be by ballot—that they shall only last three instead of five days, &c. The total number of deputies will be 349.’ We are not surprised to learn that the Spanish people have required of the new ministers, that the Dowager Queen Christina should be compelled by judicial process to disgorge a portion of the wealth of which she has robbed the nation. The crimes of the Queen Mother are of the darkest hue, and her punishment seems to us absolutely needful as a warning to others who may be tempted to tread in her steps. That Espartero and his associates should concur in her withdrawal from the kingdom does not surprise us. It would relieve them from great perplexities, and be moreover in accordance with the wishes of Queen Isabella. Still the Spanish people are right in requiring that justice should be dealt out on the mother of their Queen, from whom so many of their wrongs have arisen. We cannot believe that the English and French governments have instructed their ambassadors at Madrid to protest against such a course. To do so would be to stultify their own procedure in other cases, and to hold themselves up to the indignant censure of all right-minded men, as the defenders of a criminal whose misdeeds are too notorious to be denied, and too discreditable to be named in reputable society. Should they have entertained the monstrous idea of dictating to the Spanish people that they shall not bring to justice a notorious public offender, or should they have entertained the equally monstrous idea of dictating to the Spanish people the form of government they are to adopt, not a moment ought to be lost by the friends of liberty and national independence, before they register their solemn protest against an intention so inconsistent in the champions of the national independence of Turkey.’

## EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT.

MANY of our readers are probably aware that a change is contemplated in the editorship of our journal. This step has resulted from the pressure of other engagements, which compels one of the present editors to relinquish the post which he has occupied since 1836; and his associate, between whom and himself the most cordial co-operation has uniformly existed, retires with him. Arrangements have been made for the future conduct of the 'Eclectic' which cannot fail to be satisfactory to the friends of pure literature, scriptural voluntarism, and evangelical Christianity. This arrangement, however, will not take effect until January, 1855. We are not at liberty at present to name the individual on whom the editorship will then devolve. We should gladly do so, and are assured that all our readers would heartily concur in the propriety of the selection. In the interim, we shall continue to discharge the duties of the editorship as heretofore, in doing which additional stimulus will be derived from a consideration of the high talents and well-merited reputation of the gentleman to whom the journal will then be transferred.

The proprietorship of the work continues unchanged, and no expenditure will be spared which may be needed to maintain and greatly to extend its usefulness.

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Literary Intelligence.

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*Just Published.*

Poems by Matthew Arnold. Second Edition.

The Wife's Manual; or, Prayers, Thoughts, and Songs on Several Occasions of a Matron's Life. By the Rev. W. Calvert, M.A.

Report of Twenty-one Years' Experience of the Dick Bequest for Elevating the Character and Position of the Parochial Schools and Schoolmasters in the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray. Embracing an Exposition of the Design and Operation of the Parish School. Presented to the Trustees by Allan Menzies.

A Yacht Voyage to Iceland in 1853.

My Friends and Acquaintances. Being Memorials, Mind-Portraits, and Personal Recollections of Deceased Celebrities of the Nineteenth Century. With Selections from their Unpublished Letters. By P. G. Patmore. Three Vols.

Chapman's Library for the People. Classical Instruction; its Use and Abuse. Reprinted from the 'Westminster Review' for October, 1853.

History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles, 1713-1763. By Lord Mahon. Vol. VII.

Final Discourses at Argyle Chapel, Bath. By the late Rev. William Jay.

A Treatise on Relics. By John Calvin. Newly Translated from the French Original. With an Introductory Dissertation on the Miraculous Images, as well as other Superstitions of the Roman Catholic and Russo-Greek Churches.